

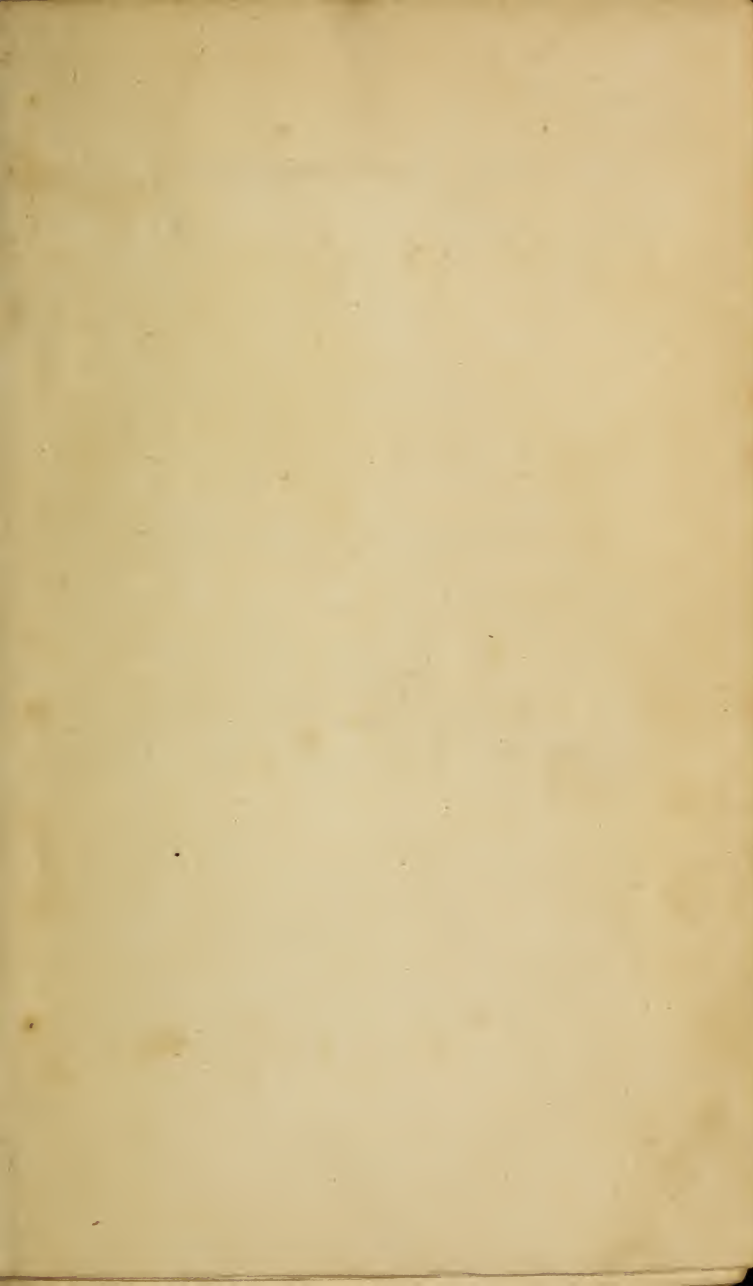
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✓
THOUGHTS



IN

P A S T Y E A R S .

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

✓✓
Williams

Williams

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart,
be alway acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength,
and my Redeemer. *Psalm xix. 14, 15.*

OXFORD,

JOHN HENRY PARKER ;

J. G. AND F. RIVINGTON, LONDON.

1838.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The pieces contained in this volume have been written at various periods during the last twelve years. It has not been found convenient to arrange them altogether according to their dates, but they are classed for the most part under a designation of the place where they were severally composed. The writer is fully aware of their many imperfections, which have in some degree arisen from the fact of their having been written rather to give vent to the passing feelings of his own mind, than with any idea of publication. And since this latter intention has been in his mind, he has spared no pains in endeavouring to amend them, but he has found the task impossible ; whatever improvements he may have made in sense or rhyme had the effect of taking

away so much from the freshness, and, consequently, from the genuineness of the first thought, that he has been induced again to adopt the former expression in most instances, and perhaps it would have been better if he had done so in all. With regard to the private or domestic nature of some of the subjects, it is a satisfaction to the Writer's own mind, that in all doubtful instances of the kind he is submitting to the judgment and wishes of others in making them public.

St. Luke's Day,
1838.

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The Golden Valley.

The Golden Valley.

I.

DEDICATION.

I ASK no fabled one of Castaly,
Who in some haunted cave doth fondly feed
On phantoms, that 'tween light and darkness
 breed :
Thou to all founts of good that art the sea,
Thou that in breast of meek-eyed charity
Dost build Thy temple, unto Thee I plead,
Oh, let me from these vain high thoughts be freed ;
That unreprieved I may devote to Thee,
Whate'er of healing herb, or weedy flower,
By rural church, meek nook, or mouldering tower,
Thou giv'st to gather, far from rude turmoil :
Come with serener thoughts, a golden shower,
Freshening the weary spirit after toil,
Nor let the serpent Pride around Thine altar coil !

II.

THE VALE IN ADVERSITY^a.

No mine of gold along the winding vale
Unfolds its glittering treasures to the moon;
No golden urn the beechen steep to crown;
But crouching from the dark December gale
Sits window'd Raggedness, and blows her nail
With empty wallet. Yet, if ought be known
Fruitful of golden thoughts in penury sown,
Thine urn may flow with gold and never fail;
A hidden well no wintry chains can marr.
E'en now if there some spirit's shadowy car
Were lingering, thou to him thy summer mirth,
And lovelier hues may'st wear; for toys of earth
Fortune may gild, but night to worlds afar
Openeth thine eye, and things of heav'nly birth.

^a The Golden Valley was mostly written about the year 1829, in a place of that name.

III.

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

'Neath yon straw cot below the sheltering wood,
Where the slant sun-beam sleeps so placidly,
Is one whose tongue and ear nature doth tie,
With her to walk in sweetest solitude;
And oft a finger, in his pensive mood,
Is on the chord of his soul's harmony,
Waking meek thankfulness, when none are nigh,
Save spirits that are aye around the good.
To him nor sings the summer nightingale,
Nor thrush her wintry matin; but yon vale
Ne'er wakes to morn, nor sounds of evening cease,
But he with upturn'd eye, and thoughts that move
Lowliness inexpressive, and deep love,
Holds commune with bright hope, and spirits of peace.

IV.

Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

Sweet dweller of the valleys, with Heav'n's key
And mirror, wherein Wisdom aye doth look,
Where shall I build thy shrine, Humility?
Beside that lonely moor, the valley's nook,
And porch of rural Church, such as the book
Of memory glasseth ever ; from on high
Where seen, with that calm footway tending nigh,
Which with its many feet hath spann'd the brook,
A bridgeway rude, a stony centipede.
Where all is still around thee, lonely spot,
Save stilly heard o'er ever-waving weed,
And the meek eye of blue Forget-me-not,
The sound of waters, and, by ivy cot,
The red-breast chaunts at noon his wintry need.

V.

THE SOLITARY.

More sweet to me the note of lonely bird
That sits and sings to the autumnal eve,
Than all the bowers of Spring, when Love doth
heave

The stirring ravishment. Oh, 'tis a chord
Too high for this poor world, and still is heard
The key of Sadness,—unions to bereave,
And meetings but to part. Still Hope doth weave
A sable hue 'neath all she can afford,
Or hath to lend. But sweet that cheering tone,
To him whom God hath hedg'd round with the
thrall

Of pensive solitude—a sacred call,
Bidding to lean on Him, and Him alone,
Keeping calm watch o'er frail humanity,
And at the fountains drink of Love that cannot die.

VI.

THE BROOK.

Meek Brook, that from the haunts of men dost creep,
Still ever and anon loving to steal
To thine own sweet retirement, and reveal
Unseen thy gentle bosom, calm and deep,
Unto the azure Heavens, that fairer sleep
Beneath thy tranquil mirror. 'Neath thy bower
Ministering freshness to the little flower,
And roots of grateful willow, taught to steep
In thy sweet stream its summer canopy;
Many regard thee not, but turn from thee
To where the meeting waves rage beauteously,
Where down wild steeps some silvery Naiad runs,
Or watery Bacchanal sports in sylvan suns;
Thou calm and deep art ever moving by.

VII.

THE SAME.

Art stilly moving by the unseen vale,
To thy bright ocean! Spirit calm and clear,
Thankful thy cross in tranquil love to bear :
Meek soul, thy deeds are not upon the gale,
Or tongues of men, that with thine own shall fail,
But written in Heav'n's adamant. Still fear
And walk with lowliness ; nor think that here
Lost are thy tears, which doors of Heav'n assail,
To fall in dews of blessing. Not for loss
Thou tend'st the lamp within ; for it shall be
A light around thee thro' the caves of death.
And at thy side, when thou layest down thy cross,
Shall thy good Angel stand, with suppliant wreath,
Faith's golden fruits and deeds of charity.

VIII.

Heed not a world that neither thee can keep,
Nor vestige of thee, whatsoe'er thy lot,
Of thee or thine, nor mark when thou art not.
No more ! engulph'd within the sounding deep !
Faint and more faint the billowy circles sweep,
And trembling own the shock, then 'tis forgot ;
The leaf's still image anchors on the spot ;
The wave is in its noon-day couch asleep.
We mark'd the eddying whirlpools close around
Where he hath been ; but who the path profound,
What thought can follow 'neath the watery floor,
'Mid sights of strangeness and untravell'd caves,
Ocean's wild deeps of ever-moving waves,
A boundless new horizon spreading round ?

IX.

The good—they drop around us, one by one,
Like stars when morning breaks; though lost to sight,
Around us are they still in Heaven's own light,
Building their mansions in the purer zone
Of the Invisible: when round are thrown
Shadows of sorrow, still serenely bright,
To faith they gleam; and blest be sorrow's night
That brings the o'er-arching Heav'ns in silence down,
A mantle set with orbs unearthly fair!
Alas! to us they are not, though they dwell,
Divinely dwell in memory; while life's sun,
Declining, bids us for the night prepare,
That we, with urns of light, and our task done,
May stand with them in lot unchangeable.

X.

POVERTY.

Fear not, thy cruise of oil, it shall not cease;
One greater than Elijah sitteth here,
Though Poverty's grim stare and iron fear
Hedgeth thee round. Thy cruise shall not decrease,
Nor barrel waste: the sun is then most near
When hid in winter; and the bow of peace
Binds the dark cloud. For all to Him are dear—
The king who sits in golden palaces,
The bird that sings to winter's hoary tress:
He is all-Infinite! greater and less
In Him are not; but, as the helpless child
Doth to the yearning mother dearer prove,
Them to Himself He hath the nearest styled,
Who have on earth no blessing, but His love.

XI.

AFFLUENCE.

Lazarus is at the gate, *thou know'st it not*,
Or ah, too well I know thy heart would bleed,
Howbeit used on gentle thoughts to feed ;
But wall'd about with blessings is thy lot,
While dark winds prowl without, and are forgot ;
Nor ever dost thou see, nor hear, nor heed
Penury's stern family, from clouds of need
Cowering and huddling 'neath the wintry cot.
Thou know'st it not, thy Saviour is on earth !
And thou may'st find Him in affliction's smile
By the lorn widow's side, and the cold hearth
Of earth-bow'd Eld, and clothe him in His poor.
Oh, haste, for time is on the wing, and while
Thou know'st it not, thy Judge is at the door !

XII.

CONSUMPTION.

Her ways were ways of innocence and glee,
But pain is all her dower and stern disease,
While darkness shrouds the shore where sorrows
cease;

At Death's dim portal, wed with agony,
She sits, 'mid sights of fever'd phantasy;
While ever and anon Ocean's wild roar,
And that dark shadowy boat, is at the door;
And earth-born vapours veil that star on high
That lights eternity: but yet to Heav'n,
At each calm interval to anguish giv'n,
She lifted her full eye, and thankful smile:
Meek soul, to sorrow reconcil'd, awhile,
And each dark hour, with thorns of sorrow strewn,
Shall add a gem to thine eternal crown.

XIII.

THE SAME.

It was a bud upon a cottage door
“ That hung its head in dying languishment”
Pensively drooping, nor in glass-roof’d store
E’er blossom’d ought more fair. A blast was sent
From out the House of Pain, that built its tent
And made its lodging in her bosom’s core.
To suffer is our dowry, but the more
Touch not the pining chord of discontent
In the great anthem, till the mighty scroll
Of mystery all the vision doth unroll.
And what tho’ dark the gate, and gloomy be
The vestibule of immortality?
Pass on—e’en now shall burst upon thy soul
The temple of Eternal Deity!

XIV.

Oh, talk not of her eye's ethereal blue,
Instinct with soul and the heart's eloquence,
The spirit's music thro' the veil of sense,
So languishingly fair ! ah, it is true
There was a nameless sweetness 'neath that hue
Where on her cheek the rose so smilingly
O'er the envious lily sat in mastery ;
And that strange worldly gentleness that threw
A spell around her : such are hues of gold
That paint the unsightly cloud, for what are these,
If wed with unbaptized vanities,
To those meek ornaments that grow not old,
Which are to God and His good angels dear,
And might win them on thee to minister?

XV.

Angels of peace be o'er you, and that Dove
That dips her wing in the ambrosial well
Which heals life's sorrows, ever a sweet spell
Haunting your silent path-way, tranquil love ;
Such as may spring on earth and bloom above !
Spirits affectionate, safe may ye dwell
In Hope and Faith's heav'n-climbing citadel.
There are sustaining and sustain'd will prove
A crown of beauty, tho' they droop alone.
Sweet honey-suckle, she in some airy bower
With clustering tubes of sweetness, and meek crown
Steals up unseen, then from her leafy tower
Looks forth, and smiles ; the elm 'neath many a flower,
Is wondering at a sweetness not his own.

XVI.

“ The heart knoweth his own bitterness.”

I stood between the dying and the dead,
The clock still told the minutes, and for spring
A housed flower prepared its blossoming;
Without were busy sounds, of gladness bred,
Creation's hum, Childhood's light voice and tread;
And heard at interval o'er muttering reel,
And muffled undersounds of thundering wheel,
The anvil musical. As torch-gleams shed
On ebony more deeply shew within
The bed of darkness, came that jocund din.
We creep 'mid creeping things and then are not;
That heaven-born thing within, its mighty lot
Glassing in shadows, heavenward strives, and then
Bursting the gilded bubble—is forgot.

XVII.

“ But the righteous hath hope in his death.”

His spirit hath gone forth to regions blest ;
But o'er his hoary head, serenely bright,
Coldly linger'd a smile, then sunk in night.
When day hath gone, thus on the snowy crest
Of the white Alpine monarch, sun-beams rest,
Wreathing a roseate diadem of light,
Seen like some star upon the crystal height
Glorious abiding. On lake Leman's breast
Sits one in stedfast gaze, with pensive oar
Stilly suspended, till night's sabler dress
Descending, veils the solemn loveliness.
Strange hour of holy thought, when the great door
Seems half-unbarr'd, and where night's shades
oppress,
Darkly disclosed gleams the eternal shore !

XVIII.

“ He hath made every thing beautiful in his time.”

How beautiful the host of darkness born,
That walk the Heavens, and golden sentry keep
Around the cloud-roof'd hall where mortals sleep!
How beautiful the veil by evening worn!
How beautiful the rosy-mantled morn!
And ether blue her crystal robes between ;
And echo in her moon-lit cave unseen,
Mocking from far the torrent's voice forlorn!
And, oh, more beautiful than shadowy light
By evening won, or morning's rosy hue,
More beautiful than echo heard at night,
The deep blue eye where spirit sits enthron'd!
As, 'tween her crystal robes, when ether blue
Appearing tells of something deep beyond.

XIX.

“ Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever.”

These are but gleams that from the palace break
Of Him, whose Name is Wonderful, that bring
Glad tidings, we are still beneath His wing ;
In Nature's beauteous temple lurks the snake,
And darker gleams in Nature's crystal lake
Fall'n man's deformity, whose heart doth fling
O'er earth and Heav'n its dark o'ershadowing.
That torrent's voice of desolation spake,
Night's raven crew, and shades of darkness crowd
On Eve's bright skirts, Morn's mantle veils the cloud ;
And wan Decay, 'neath light of beauty's eye,
In mockery sits, and builds her silent shroud.
And is this all that bids us cling to thee,
Poor widow'd wreck of fall'n humanity?

XX.

THE TARES AND THE WHEAT.

Children of Cain and Abel, blended flock !
No more, ye sons of Heav'n, ye sit alone,
A spot of sunshine o'er the mountains thrown,
'Mid a dark world. Thus where the echoes mock
The Arve's deep sounding step with rended rock,
And tawny host of waters, hurrying down
Breathless to battle : far the indignant Rhone
Bridles his horned front from the rude shock,
And deeply rolls in walls of crystal pent,
And uncommingling majesty along,
Nor from their ranks his troops of sapphire break ;
But soon that watery king, his isles among,
With miry crown, and robes all rudely rent,
Sits mourning, wash'd in vain in Leman's lake.

XXI.

“ Let both grow together until the harvest.”

Children of Cain and Abel, in one fold !
Day and Night, blending on one battle ground,
As 'neath the Arctic, where, in gloom and gold,
The midnight Sun lowers on the horizon's bound,
Contending with the Moon ; o'er the profound
Twilight doth of the strife the balance hold.
Dread scene, where the good Shepherd far around
Seeketh His own amid the stormy wold.
All sit beneath the canopy of wrath ;
All 'neath the cloud, which o'er the Judge's path
Shall ope in thunder ; tho' the Covenant bow
Lightens the gathering gloom : upon the brow
The brand is now no more, but in the heart ;
And He who reads the heart alone can know.

XXII.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

It was a voice from where, all drear and dun,
They dwell so sweetly 'neath the canopy
Of aye enduring smoke, save when the Sun
Hath climb'd behind Heav'n's cloud-hung tapestry,
And from his Alp of clouds looks gloomily
With big red orb : it was a voice that told
Of angular-visag'd crowds seeking for gold,
And the vex'd usurer's brow all-hurrying by,
And Pleasure's gilded mask, making night day,
Warring with nature. Yes, and they are there,
Children of Duty, who, from noisy care
And late-earn'd slumber, steal in thought to stray
O'er some rude spot hem'd in by mountains rude,
And drink fresh thoughts from nature's solitude.

XXIII.

THE SAME.

Yes, those are there nor wealth nor pleasure own,
But Duty sternly binds, curbing the will,
Sternly—then softly—and then sweetly—till
They find the chain o'er their affections thrown
All gold, and leading to a golden crown.
Generous and noble spirits, envy not
Me pensive and the peaceful valley's lot ;
E'en now for Duty's rod your souls shall own
Love's Sibyl wand, which sways the earth and sea
And spirits of Heav'n. She, when the fiery hoof
Of red Destruction rends yon grove of towers,
And charnel of corruption, she, aloof,
Shall lead to where the Eternal City soars,
And your free souls shall breathe in liberty.

XXIV.

THE BROTHERS.

My brother ! one long-cherish'd thought hath been
At my heart's fountain, that we might have trod,
Link'd in one destiny, along life's road,
E'en as in heart ; sweet fellowship ! but 'tween
Our shadowings and their ends doth intervene
One that doth love us, shaping all for good.
His hand around me in my solitude
In syllables of mercy, have I seen
Visibly character'd. I read and bless
The high behest with heart-felt thankfulness.
My brother ! there is that which sweet to me
Whispereth, if I attain that heavenly shore,
That I shall be with thee, nor seas no more,
Nor mountains part us everlastingly.

XXV.

THE SAME.

And since that I have arm'd my heart to yield
All that my heart held dear ; methinks that He,
Who is the spirit's golden panoply,
With a strange heedlessness my soul hath steel'd
To ought of earth's betiding. Heaven's blue field
Shines, the birds sing as they were wont to me
In my heart's holiday ; but this world's glee,
The crosses and the gladdenings it may wield,
They are to me, as to some cabin boy,
Who yearns for home, the wild winds that on high,
Mid clamorous shrouds sing their deep melody ;
Alike, so that I tack me to the gale ;
Still onward to the haven I would be,
And breath of the Eternal fill the sail.

XXVI.

ABSENCE.

On the dark trees the glancing moonlight lies,
A Cross is gleaming in the silver calm,
Shedding o'er hearts found meet a holier balm.
Night's viewless piper, in the casement plies
His busy task, into wild melodies,
Moulding the air, now like the whispering palm,
Moved by the wind, now mounting to a Psalm
Of solemn and strange sound the music dies.
And thou that holy Cross shalt see again,
And hear those melodies made through the ears
Of silence. What is this that makes me sad?
My brother, thoughts of thee should make me glad,
Not sorrowful—I know not how—but when
I think of thee my eye is wet with tears.

XXVII.

DISCONTENTED THOUGHTS.

Give me not what I ask, but what is good,
Merciful Saviour, unto Thee I look,
Oh, teach me these repining thoughts to brook.
I know I were not happier, tho' endued
With all on which my unbridled longings brood ;
For joy to me hath ever been a gale,
Which, like some demon filling the glad sail,
Wanton'd awhile on summer seas, and woo'd
To tempt o'er hidden shoals. Make me Thine own,
And take me: of myself I am afraid,
Oh, take me from myself ; oh, take away
Whate'er of self is in me, and, I pray,
Give me on what my spirit may be stayed,
And that I know full well is but Thyself alone.

XXVIII.

Pity hath deeply touched thee, do not weep,
For there is One doth love her with such love
That man ne'er dream'd of, wheresoe'er she move
Mysteriously around her ; 'tis a deep
Man hath no thought to fathom ; 'neath this sleep
This curtain'd sleep of sense, we dimly rove,
And, knowing, know not that all fostering Dove,
That ocean of His goodness, as the sweep
Of air around the path and in the breast,
As light around the blind man, tho' unknown :
E'en now more close His arms are round her thrown,
Leading her gently onward to His rest,
And in her languid eye, and failing breath,
Hath kindled a sweet light that smiles at death.

XXIX.

Would that my hands were washed in innocence,
That I unblamed could lift them up for thee,
My own, own sister ! good 'twere then to see,
Upon the clouds that wrap thy goings hence,
Rainbows of promise : we should gather thence
Sweet thoughts, and listen till we heard the stir
Of ministering angels come to welcome her.
Let us in silence sit ; the calmer sense
Of better things shall lift a quiet eye,
And open on us like an evening sky,
With its blue haven in a sea of cloud,
Speaking a better morn ; if thus allowed,
In sober awe to wait the opening bars
Of night, which brings to view the solemn stars.

XXX.

RESOLUTION.

To love thee were to love the meek and good ;
But if so, why these thoughts importunate
Come'tween my soul and Heaven? earliest and late,
What are these images that thus obtrude,
And bear my prayers, on wandering wings so rude,
Away from Discipline, that sweetest mate
Of all that's patient, peaceful, pure? O state
Full of disastrous shoals, and dangers-strew'd,
That every gale should bear us thus afar
From our true haven, and our guiding star.
If our affections be not fixed above,
We wrong our God, ourselves, and those we love ;
Then take each idol from me, leave me free,
That I may nothing love but what I love in Thee.

XXXI.

RESIGNATION.

It is enough a little, friend most dear,
After long interval and far between ;
It is enough a little to have seen,
And have been with thee, thence the weary year,
Like a fresh wreath, doth the remembrance wear,
For longer absence which must intervene,
And longer solitude. Spots fresh and green
Whose breath doth long with recollection cheer,
And cheer with hope, with hope which thence hath
won

New thoughts,—more gladly on my race to run,
That we may surer meet to part no more,
With Him who was to them of Bethany
As more than Brother : to His feet may flee
The o'er-flowing heart, and silent there adore.

XXXII.

THE FELLOW-LABOURERS.

My little mole, two callings have we two,
One master: where old earth is hardest bound,
And shrub stretching his limbs with much ado,
There art thou, with thy mattock, and thy hoe,
And many finger'd shovel; yet no sound
Speaks of thy whereabouts, nor heard nor found
Save in thy mountain monuments; kind to you,
Should we be, fellow-labourers of the ground.
My little miner with the velvet coat,
We are 'mid things we deem not, did'st e'er note
Blue sky, and flower, and field, or the sweet throat
Of birds around thee? to our work again,
Round us too tents are spread unseen by men,
And companies too bright for human ken.

XXXIII.

THE LITTLE MARINER.

I watch'd the caddis^b, from his slimy lair
Just rising, on his little ocean wheel,
And poise his straw canoe, on pebble keel
And ballast: 'mid spring flowers, and waters fair,
He sunn'd himself, a joyous mariner.
Nor knew of ought beyond his oaten raft
And watery world; but airy cars soon waft
To leafy destinies, creation's heir,
And sylvan colonnades on silken wing.
What are these aspirations, 'neath the blight
Of lost mortality, that coil and swell,
Restless resolve, and high imagining,
In worms of a spring hour, but wings of light
Peering through the dark shrouds wherein they dwell?

^b "The may-fly, which is bred of the caddis." *Walton's Angler*.

XXXIV.

AUTUMNAL SEED-VESSELS.

Beautiful urns, that neither spun nor sowed,
Bearing your laden vessels to Heaven's eye,
Like manhood goodly deeds; 'neath Autumn's sky
Dropping your purple youth, and glittering hood.
What sunbeams build you in your quietude,
So far beyond art's labour'd mimicry,
Each varied, each their wild variety,
In union blend, a sylvan sisterhood!
The hand that spann'd and painted yon blue dome,
Is in the autumnal urn and vernal bell,
Shrining strange beauty in a flow'ret's cell.
Oh, how much more, flower of immortal bloom,
Within thee, and around thee, doth He dwell,
Tempering that shadowy world whose keystone is
the tomb!

XXXV.

THE INNER WORLD.

We bear a world about us—aye on wing,
And with us, and to which this sky-roof'd cell,
This strange material ball, is but a thing
Of walking shadows ; with us doth it dwell,
The undying spirit's world invisible.
Still travelling onward, onward travelling,
Its own horizon round it gathering ;
It climbs the stair to Heaven's high citadel,
It hath its clouds, it hath its dews from high,
It hath its moon and darkness : a wild world
Mounting to join the chain of harmony,
Around the sun that lights eternity.
Or breaks away, self piloted, self hurl'd,
To death and darkness—all its sails unfurl'd.

XXXVI.

THE BIRTH.

Yes, thou art launch'd on the great sea of being ;
Nor ought of things that are, or things to be,
Can wrest thy birth-right,—Immortality!
Onward, and ever onward, shalt thou fling
Eternity around thee, feeble thing,
Nor comet's course, nor rolling century,
Number thine years! The earth shall fold her wing,
And make her nest in darkness; from the sky
Shall pass away yon fiery sentinel,
And she, thy childhood's monthly chronicler;
When from this womb of nature thou shalt climb
The mighty stair of being, borne sublime
The stars among, thyself a glorious star;
Or like a smouldering brand in ruin dwell.

XXXVII.

THE BAPTISM.

How strange and sweet the wakening of the Spring
From Winter's mantling cowl, with ice-drops hung
And darkness ; or, from couch of Twilight sprung,
Morn putting on her wild apparelling !
How strange and sweet the unfolding of thy wing,
Ethereal stranger, when around thee flung
The mystery of being, wild and young,
Thro' swaddling of Hope's dark imagining,
Thou break'st thine icy fetters, and to sense
Awakening, day by day, from dawning eye
Lookest around thee. 'Tis a dark rough sea,
But there is One hath made a bark for thee,
And sitteth at the helm, to guide thee hence,
Unto a shore where all is innocence.

XXXVIII.

THE SLEEPING INFANT.

Bird upon branch, housed 'neath a folded wing;
Snowdrop, which seems its mantling cowl to dip
In slumber; butterfly on flowery tip
Couch'd, on child's lap some woodland fosterling;—
None fair as thee, sweet baby slumbering,
With clasped hand and finger on thy lip;
Yet nought hast thou that sleep should fear let slip,
And watch the ruby door: meek, tranquil thing,
Would that thy mother's pillow were as calm,
Beside thee; her e'en Sleep doth sternly rock,
And rudely o'er her shakes his rod of balm.
Haply the more, angels, who break the shock
Of suffering, may around her sleeping flock,
And lay on waking lip some soothing Psalm.

XXXIX.

THE INFANT'S DEATH.

It is so ; thou again more truly born
Hast burst the bars unsullied, from the womb
Of earthly things, loosing thine angel plume
Wet with baptismal dews, and in new morn
Art singing : we thine earthly robe, forlorn,
See on the ground and weep,—in this thy doom
Of thy sweet ways too mindful ; while the gloom
O'er us unbidden creeps, too feebly borne
Beyond the veil to take with thee our part,
And joy in thy home gladness. Steadier now
May both our hearts and hands to where thou art,
By earth less weighed, be lifted. Haply thou,
Where angels gladden at man's better choice,
Hearest our prayers, and hearing dost rejoice.

XL.

THE MOTHER.

'Mid sounds of Morn that gentle voice is not,
But in his mother's heart its echo dwells,
In her dark spirit's silent citadels
His image sits alone. Man's varied lot
Of ills were prowling round his cradle cot ;
But the all-pitying One hath snatched him hence,
To shield from harm his guileless innocence,
In His own sheltering breast. Morn hath forgot
Her looks of love ; and 'mid the sounds of Even
That gentle voice is not : dun hues of care
Come on, and liveries of wintry Heaven.
He on his little orb sits smilingly,
And sings, and sighs that all on earth so dear,
Were but as happy and as safe as he^c.

^c This last thought is, I think, from Bp. Taylor.

XLI.

TO A LOST CHILD.

Can we still love thee on this poor, bad earth,
And love thou bear'st to us decay in Heav'n?
It cannot be: when once the sky was riv'n,
And One from thence in our sad world had birth,
His was a love, which, in the very dearth
Of all celestial gentleness, was driv'n
By angry blasts, that His dear life was giv'n
To sweeten our bad air, till in His worth
Our vileness was forgotten; and He chose
Innocent children such as thee to be
Most like Himself, whose angels might behold
Nearest His face in Heav'n; then while for thee
We pine on this bad earth, and love still hold,
Surely thy love in Heav'n thou dost not lose.

XLII.

BEREAVEMENT.

And blest are they—although the heart new-riv'n
By the keen stroke of suffering, unreliev'd,
Turns to its wonted stay, and is bereav'd,—
Yet blest are they below, to whom 'tis given,
The dearest pledge which they from Heaven receiv'd,
Fresh in baptismal drops, to yield to Heaven,
Ere soil'd by thoughts of crime, or sin deceiv'd,
Or knowing evil. Thus to be forgiv'n,
And die, this is the best we know on earth :
It is not death to toil in failing breath
And go away ; but in this world beneath,
To wander on from sin to sin, in dearth
Of all true peace, still travelling from our birth,
Further from God and Heav'n—this, this is death.

XLIII.

CONSOLATION.

But the faint soul must bear up its own weight,
And pitying love and kind officiousness
Cannot assuage, nor make the burden less,
Probing the unbarbed spirit, that too late
Its overstrained pinion doth abate,
And from each gale, unstrung and motionless,
Catcheth a tone of deeper loneliness,
And desolation makes more desolate.
Then darkly gleams the mighty mystery,
That He who bore our sorrows, yea, that He
Alone, the soul can bear, the spirit fill,
Fleeing from the dark phantom of unrest
Into the arms of mercy, calmly blest,
“Do with me what Thou wilt, I will lie still.”

XLIV.

THE SEPTEMBER NOON.

Far o'er the aerial roof dark curtains crowd,
The groves in greener freshness, far and near,
Like souls with sorrow stricken, lovelier wear
The darkness, 'neath the dank and watery shroud,
Save here askance and there, on ruin'd wall,
Or knotted trunk grotesque, stray gleamings fall,
And stilly heard, from out the neighbouring wood,
The lonely bird singing to solitude,
Singing of silvery lights with Autumn blending,
And rays that cheer the Winter; naught to wake
The trees all motionless on leaden lake!
Then the arch'd Heav'ns came down in shades
 descending,
And all was twilight, save, beyond the gloom,
A yellow gleam slumbering upon a tomb.

XLV.

THE OCTOBER NIGHT.

The winds are up in their wild bacchanal,
And rout to-night ; now hush'd the airy throng,
And stilly sounds the solemn undersong,
More deeply labouring with the imprison'd gale,
Like distant ocean. Wast a spirit's wail
That woke that chord so wild, so mournfully,
Or was it Winter's herald that rode by,
Bearing the last leaf from the widowed vale?
Now, crash on crash, innocent mimicry
Of elements in arms, and thunderous war,
The Genius of the wood on sounding car!
Now their deep bass the Eolian anthems ply ;
Still nought I see, save white-troop'd clouds on high,
And steps of the pale moon in groves afar.

XLVI.

THE THUNDER STORM.

More and more near the iron chariots bound,
Falling and falling from the clouds ; anon,
As from Heav'n's door the water-floods came down,
His howling horn the hurricano wound
To the lorn night. O Thou, in calm profound,
Who in us and about us hast Thy throne,
Pity the houseless traveller, dark and lone,
While the fork'd flash leaves tenfold night around.
Pity the seaman in an hour so rude,
Who, toss'd on the wave's neck to Heav'n's dark hall
From th' yawning Erebus, thinks of his cot,
And bright fire-side. Pity him most of all,
Who in the nook of housed quietude
Hears the big chainless winds, and thanks Thee not.

XLVII.

THE WINTER'S NIGHT.

Calm and still hour, how coldly beautiful !
Above—the Moon in the most dark serene,
With all her stars ; below—one varied scene
Of wild resplendency, gentle as wool,
Or kingly ermine ; storied pine-trees, full
Loaded with hanging beauty, towers of green
Erewhile, now snowy pyramids are seen,
With stars that peep between. Nature's soft rule,
Dropping the shadow-like and noiseless shower
Of shelter, on the night and wintry hour,
Making them lovely ! 'Tis the same doth swage
Sorrow's keen edge, and builds for silvery age
A snow-embower'd and hoary hermitage,
The covering of an unseen holy Power.

XLVIII.

THE EVENING AFTER A SNOW-STORM.

The wind and snow, which on the hedge-row clings,
Have been at play, and shapes of beauteous mould,
Their tricks of vagrant fantasy unfold ;
Haply in semblance of celestial things.
Where now the Sun his parting lustre flings,
Careful to spare, innocuous and cold ;
He sees below all silvery pure, and brings
The skies in gentle rivalry to gold,
Staining the clouds that tend his ev'ning bow'r.
O Lord, if thus so marvellously fair,
The things Thou doest for one passing hour,
So delicately gentle, soft, and pure,
Then what must be those scenes which shall endure,
And those Thy mansions which eternal are ?

XLIX.

THE SAME.

Thus wonderfully fashion'd, soft and still,
Whatever takes the impress of Thy hand ;
All things to Thee are yielding as the sand :
Obediently Thy summons they fulfil,
And take the forms of Thy creative will.
Whether the Wind is loud at Thy command,
Or the dread Lightnings traverse sea and land,
They bear Thy gentle rein. When bent on ill,
Passions of men are fierce and turbulent,
They but perform Thy good and sweet intent,
Knowing it not. Whether in vernal sky
Thou walkest forth, or the loud-pealing storm
Makest Thy chariot, when Thou art gone by,
Thy mantle's skirts are seen in fairest form.

L.

THE SEASONS ^d.

The trees stand patiently in wintry mood,
Death's shadow, their lost glories round them thrown,
And with dank creaking arms, and leafless crown,
Bow to the moaning spirit of the wood.
Thus through this strange and mute vicissitude,
Summer and Winter, Day and Night, at length
They gather storied height, beauty and strength,
Green comeliness and glory. What, though strew'd
Our path with joys decayed, no gleam above
Upon our sorrow's winter ! Blessed Lord,
'Tis thus through joy and woe, Time's varied scroll,
Bright beams, and the withholdings of Thy love,
Thou buildest up Thy children, till the soul
Gather the stature of Thy living Word.

^d This thought is from Mr. James Bonnel.

LI.

NATURE AND GRACE.

From the Unseen's abode there have gone forth
Two voices ; one all nature heaves, the crowd
Of mortal throes, and death-cries deep and loud
Of lorn Creation ; earthquakes, which have birth
In fabled Acheron ; Ocean's dread mirth,
Shaking his sides to Heav'n ; Heav'n's blackening
 shroud,
Blasting and burst, bellowing from cloud to cloud.
Dark auguries in terror walking earth !
The other, Heav'n-reveal'd, doth bear alone
The mighty key of Love : when sabler dress
Of Nature, and the shades of Night oppress,
Through the low wicket-gate are dimly shewn,
Rivers of bliss, gardens of pleasantness,
And bowers all tranquil as the summer Moon.

LII.

A dream was o'er me, when there did alight,
A pall-like darkness on the summer Noon,
And through it look'd the stars, deeming it night,
And then it pass'd : still, with its silent Moon,
This scene of Day and Night roll'd calmly on,
Thus beautiful in ruin, moving bright,
And beating step to Time's deep orison,
Still varying, still returning. Lord of Might,
Who round Thy secret place rollest dark Time,
And wheel'st of things this order'd harmony,
Lulling our senses to the even chime
Of ever-moving Wonder, dim we see,
And hear not, borne amid the chaunt sublime,
And cloud of all-involving Deity !

LIII.

EVENING.

And Thou beneath Thy footstool thron'd on high
May'st see this world's last Evening, e'er we deem ;
Time, like yon sun, behind Eternity
Go down, and stars come forth to shine for aye.
Thou art around us in empyreal gleam,
But we in darkness walk, so dread the sky
Of glory which enshrouds us, like a dream.
Mysterious magnificence, we seem
Treading on skirts of other worlds ! how strange
Of day and night this silent interchange,
And intertwining death with life ; dark sleep
With halls by Fancy lit, and the wild deep
Of shadowy worlds of which she holds the key,
Led by the torch of fitful fantasy.

LIV.

THE COMET.

O thou far thron'd on thine ethereal tent,
That on thy fiery ottoman sublime,
Sitt'st mocking at the thing that men call 'Time ;
Thee have I watch'd, thou crested visitant,
Sitting upon the golden firmament,
Awful in beauty, till I seem'd like thee,
A being of the elements, all fearfully
Looking from out Heaven's crystal battlement,
Of passing worlds the mighty chronicler.
And thou again, thou strange and shadowy guest,
May'st look upon this world ; the gale may spring
From out his odorous cove ; the lark may sing
Again his vernal matin ; but oh, where
Shall he be who now gazes on thy crest ?

LV.

Methought there was around me a strange light,
And Earth and Time were not : methought I shook
At feet of One to whom I durst not look :
I seem'd as one from a wild infinite
Of multitudinous waters, and dim night
Scarce saved ; nor dares the pitying eye to brook
Of Day that walksthe Heavens ; such deep trance took
My whole of being. Still from some dim height,
That all strange hurrying by is on my ear,
Of things I saw not, and I knew not how
Deeply wailing ! Where am I ? still I hear
Deep to deep calling afar ! O Thou
That hast redeem'd me from the howling flood,
What have I done ? Thy garments are all blood !

LVI.

There is a wound within me, 'tis a wound
That lies too deep for tears, and many awhile,
When all that is around me seems to smile,
Within my heart of hearts a knell doth sound,
Not of this world ; a cloud dark and profound
Is o'er me, and though brighter thoughts beguile,
And, like the Sun behind a cloudy pile,
Bright gleams from One beyond that cloud have
bound,

Yet 'tis a cloud, for I have pierced deep
The side of One that must be All in All.
In this dread calm, if unto Thee I call,
'Tis not that Thou my wounded soul would'st steep
With ought of gladness ; but that I through Thee,
May daily put me on more deep humility.

LVII.

Oh, I have done those things that my soul fears,
And my whole heart is sick. My youth hath flown,
The talents Thou hast given me are all gone,
And I have nought to pay Thee, but my tears.
Oh, Thou that hast awaken'd, calm my cares,
Bind up my wounds ! Thou who didst never spurn
The wounded and the captive, ne'er didst turn
From him that called Thee, hear Thou my prayers !
Oh, wash me in Thy blood, the leper Thou
Didst cleanse ; Health of the maimed, make me whole ;
Thou that didst wake the dead, burst my soul's sleep !
Low at Thy feet I throw me, and I know
Thou spurnest none that seek Thee, but my soul
Is sick with sorrow, and I can but weep.

LVIII.

“ If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness !”

I have been straying in the paths of Night,
Until the lamp within, lit from the urn
Of the Eternal One, did dimly burn,
And darkly, while methought I walk'd in light ;
Until a gleam from some serener height,
Came down, and shew'd the while in me did dwell
All hideous forms, and darkness visible ;
Feigning that eye of pureness infinite,
Such as myself, while Feeling held the room
Of Holiness. O Light and sacred Fear,
Shew me unto myself, and reillumine
My darken'd spirit, that, more calm and clear,
Conscience may shake her from the gath'ring gloom,
And fill her urn with light ere Thou be here.

LIX.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Still dost Thou, day and night, silent abide,
Hanging upon the tree ; and there in vain,
Pleading Thy bleeding hands and wounded side,
With upturn'd eye of agony, while pain
Rendeth each tender heart-string. Yet remain
Pride in my heart and foolishness, preside
O'er me at morn, with me at even-tide
Sinking to rest. Oh, o'er my spirit reign,
Teach me each day to bear my cross with Thee ;
And when Night's curtains close, be ever near.
Be Thou my pilot through Night's cloudy sea !
Be Thou the silent chariot's charioteer^e !
And when I sink upon the couch of death,
May I within Thine arms resign my breath !

^e An expression of Mr. James Bonnel.

LX.

SELF-DETECTION.

What is this subtle spright, ever in wait
Around my path, and in such seeming guise
Whispering sweet thoughts and honied vanities,
That the melodious poison steeleth straight
To the heart's avenues? Self gathering state
Listens, well pleas'd. Meanwhile all Heav'n hath eyes,
All-seeing, yet unseen ; but onward hies,
Seen at each turn, equipp'd for Heav'n gate,
The elfin fantasy, all-glittering dight,
And gaining golden wings ; till, dim conceal'd
Within the cloud-pavilion of her might,
With pure ethereal mirror, and bright shield,
Truth darkly gleams ; the fiend is seen to night
Hurrying afar, all hideously reveal'd.

LXI.

If I in golden idol build my trust,
Or reedy palaces of earth-born fame,
By enchanted streams, therein to glass my name,
Do Thou, Great God, do Thou the gilded bust
To shivers rend, and scatter, turn'd to dust,
To waters of oblivion. If I frame
Ought earthly wish, wherein Thou hast no claim,
Let darkness be upon it ! If I lust
To build a stair, that I on high may walk,
Or frame me a frail mirror in the talk
Of other men, my shadow there to dress ;
And, stretch'd beyond my nature's littleness,
And the low door of life, therein to stalk,
Rend Thou that stair and glass to nothingness !

LXII.

THE GLOW-WORM.

Oft as I contemplate the glorious skies,
Studded so thick with many a crystal spar,
And each a mighty world that shines afar,
Struck with deep awe my spirit in me dies :
For what am I in the All-seeing eyes,
In which of worlds and men such myriads are ?
But now, as I behold that living star
Lighting the o'er-hanging hedge wherein it lies,
I feel that ne'er a poet's boldest flight
Hath furnish'd Angel wings with glowing rays,
So bright and lustrous as that emerald blaze ;
Thus I, though but a creeping worm of night,
May have within me my Creator's light,
On which the highest Angel stops to gaze.

LXIII.

Ὁψίνοος Ἐπιμαθείης. Pind.

Ask me no more. I am a luckless wight,
Wedded to pale After-thought, who makes me rue,
With her cold frown, whate'er I say or do ;
Oft gathering wings I seem, and that sly spright,
Imagination, bears me on all dight
With painted plumes; buoyant and blithe, I bound
Over all obstacles, nor touch the ground ;
Then following from behind in sullen plight
Comes Common-sense, shouldering her crutch, and on
My sides belabour'd, and my brow doth pour
Dizzy amazement, then the spell is o'er :
My ingots are all leaves, my glass ware gone,
My Aladdin's lamp is out, and I alone.
I sit upon the ground, silent and sore.

The Country Pastor.

The Country Pastor.

I.

THE RETURN.

What, though the evil days be on the wind,
We must not be unwed, companion meet,
Heart-easing Poesy, th' embodying sweet
Of feelings which else load th' o'ercharged mind :
Ye yearnings of a holier nature, twin'd
With all the past and future, whose pure seat
Is deeper than where deepest heart doth beat !
If I to things of sense might be more blind ;
If He who sways the rolling stars at will,
And hearts of men, would but my bosom fill
With thoughts which might be better than the past ;
That so, howe'er the gushing fount flows, still
All may be pure and peaceful, though o'ercast
Not faithless, innocent though not to last.

II.

THE RETROSPECT.

Visions of fancy, that your halo shed
O'er untried pastoral watchings, where are ye?
I find you not, but stern reality
Hath lifted up her voice, and ye are fled
Amid the dreams of youth. And in your stead,
Toilings as in a dream, where all to be,
And nought seems done. Yet sober certainty
Hath better things than ought of fancy bred;
Self-discipline, which shews God's heavenly seal
In peaceful thoughts when His commands are done;
And that deep consciousness, that there is One
Risen from the grave, and on our troubled zone
Walking in calm, though storms His form conceal,
Seeking to whom He may His love reveal.

III.

SACRED RESERVE OF THE CHURCH.

On the rough seas He seemed passing by,
But they constrain'd Him ; and at Emmaus one
Bent on a journey onward, but they won
His Presence, for their souls were beating high
With nameless worship : oft from heedless eye,
With type and shadowy word, He veil'd the Sun
Of Righteousness, nor ever fully shone,
On doubting hearts His healing Deity.
Mysterious wisdom, which man's spirit knew !
Then blame not, if the Church from the world's view,
In treasures of her grace, doth set apart,
Needing enquiring eye and faithful heart,
For ever watchful, but to careless glance,
Ne'er full unveils her blissful countenance.

IV.

VILLAGE MUSIC.

Beneath the calm of an autumnal Moon,
I saw a troop of rustic boys let loose
Forget their weariness, caught in the noose
Of air-borne music, moving in the tune
Of stirring flageolet and dun bassoon.
What, hast thou drunk of that old Arethuse,
In buoyant ring such magic to infuse,
And hold with chain electric all thine own !
Art thou th' Arcadian Pan, or Orpheus shod
With magic? Oh, no, sympathies there are
Of holier things bound to that airy car :
Howbeit all by an enchanter's rod
Are touch'd, the village oak it seems to nod,
And th' owl at interval hoots from afar.

V.

THE RECOVERY.

I saw one, who had been in wanderings drear
From Reason's light, which hid her chastening glow
Behind a cloud ; but she, returning now,
Lit up an aspect as the noon-day clear,
E'en such as holy Ken or Herbert dear ;
One scarce could see, but secretly to bless,
So was he bowed in lowly placidness :
" Sweet," said he, " to the weary mariner
" To see the shore ; and haply battle o'er
" Sweet to the soldier : sweet when all doth seem
" Saddening, I know, to find it but a dream.
" But sweeter must it be, when all is o'er,
" As first the soul awakens to the gleam,
" Which tells her she is safe, and on the happy
 " shore."

VI.

THE PASTOR'S DIFFICULTY.

Love cannot reach him, arrows of Despair,
And Hope, and Fear, fall from him, hedged in scale
Of wild obduracy, like iron mail ;
But, Pastor, hast thou left no weapon there,
In thy Heav'n-furnish'd quiver? It is Prayer ;
Wing'd by Faith's pure resolve—Prayer shall
prevail ;
It hath the promise. Into Life's dim vale,
Prayer doth of help the golden gates unbar ;
To good of purpose stern that rugged brow
May turn ; Love o'er the rock his tendrils throw :
As when upon the world's first wakening morn
The Spirit came descending, on the thorn,
Woke by that sacred touch, the Flower was born,
And bird new-made sung on the new-made bough.

VII.

SECOND CHILDHOOD.

On looks he used to love gazing he stood
With eyes all strangeness ; but a walking dream,
E'en like a fabled shade at Lethe's stream.
While in her temple's ruin fancies brood,
The out-worn spirit sleeps in solitude,
Knowing nought earthly ; save the fitful gleam
Of twilight images, whose broken beam
Peering amid the wreck, more darkly shew'd,
The desolation and his bosom's night.
Yet haply forms of peace may there alight,
As 'mid stern Winter's icy citadels,
Deep 'neath the mirror of dark Ocean's cells,
The Moon, with all her flock, celestial bright,
Shines darkling, where no earthly image dwells.

VIII.

THE SAME.

And see in that strange twilight of the mind,
How link'd associations yet live on,
And waken ! talk of Prayer, and he anon
Recounts his beads ; thrice happy, should'st thou find
A chord that doth the better soul unwind
Of thankful sufferance, and love begun
On earth. For thus sweet intercourses, won
From the great Spirit, secretly behind
This screen of things abide, and dearly bought,
Have grown at length into the inner man,
Tho' power be not, and will hath lost controul
Of action. Thus betimes within us wrought
Fill with Thyself, and form th' undying soul,
Our Saviour, ere be run this mortal span.

IX.

THE SAME.

So momentous our work, for every hour
May characters engrave, which long unseen
Come forth again and live; thoughts which have been,
Returning whence they rose in a soft shower
Of unmark'd influence, renew a power
Which slumber'd: and on each new page of life,
Associations pour with feelings rife,
(Like long-forgotten gales on vernal flower,)
And work for good or evil. Sounds again
Which waken all that old melodious chain
That held the spirit; habit thus imbues
The soul with more than with ethereal hues,
Weaving that bridal robe, which to attain
From Heav'n she Heav'n-ward bound and Heav'n-
born sues.

X.

THE PASSING BEGGAR.

Oft have I wond'ring seen strange characters
Of beauty lodged within an insect's wing,
Or 'neath a spurn'd weed's close enveloping ;
Hid within modest Nature's secret bars,
(Like a blue night with all its silver stars,)
A bright wild world of order, and whole spring
Of colourings. Such to sight God's presence bring :
In the least thing which Nature makes and mars,
He builds a temple ! But that thankful word,
That in a boon which passing hands afford
Acknowledg'd God the giver, touch'd the ear
Like voice from Nature's shrine, that spoke Him near
In all things said or done, received or given :
How dreadful is this place !—it is the gate of Heav'n !

XI.

SIGNS OF MORTALITY

Should make us thoughtful surely,— but not sad ;
Thoughtful, that we are nearer our last home ;
That we must love Him more, no longer roam,
But set the steadier eye. The promise glad,
Wherewith fresh youth our poverty once clad,
Falls from us more and more, as first the bloom,
Then petals, from the rose ; and in its room
Stand thorny monitors, if we have had
Our hopes in fading flowers ; else, shades of gloom,
They creep from coming Night, bright hues to wind,
From lights our Sun hath left, fair Evening's crown
Of promise. That calm star, that watches down
The Sun, soon tells his coming from behind,
Like love that left the last, and earliest found the
tomb.

XII.

NATIONAL APPREHENSIONS.

The scene is darken'd but to bring more near,
Thro' dim'd perspective, calm and happy skies,
And everlasting hills, where our home lies;
These clouds above (O gloom than joy more dear!)
Make the clear light of that blest home appear.
'Tis like a scene I cannot rightly prize,
Which clouds and light had made for wondering eyes
Within a hilly amphitheatre.
Afar there was a pale and liquid light,
Where, in the opening north, a mountain band
Seem'd brought so wildly near, they seem'd to stand
Looking upon us, brought upon our sight
Strangely distinct in distance, and between
The Sea was like a bright blue river seen.

XIII.

FRIENDS ABROAD.

Behind are Ocean's gates, where Calpe's nest
Looks from her rock-built eyrie, sails unfurl'd
From out the caverns of the dull cold west,
Advancing into that old golden world!
A thousand tales she from her teeming breast
Unbosoms, as ye pass upon the curl'd
Dark wave! 'mid moulds of matter, random hurl'd,
Ye look some creeping thing on Ocean's vest;
Ye with your worlds of thought and sea-borne house,
Like some poor beetle on great Ætna's side.
Thus ye the sense of your own littleness
(Not baubles of free thought home-cells to dress)
May gather, thoughts that may to duty rouse,
All that we here can gain which shall abide.

XIV.

DOMESTIC TRIALS.

No rest—no hope—yoked in thy gentle mood
To stern annoyances of petty strife,
Which weary the worn spirit out of life.
Yet let it be, for it must be for good,
Or it would be not, and, if understood,
'Tis food for daily joy : that Heav'n-sent woe,
May tune a string that shall reverberate through
The boundless great Hereafter, if but woo'd
Sweet influences to set their jarring chord,
Which in the Heavenly concert shall have part.
Sufferings a suffering Master's children prove
And we too, tranquil mourner, have a word
In thy dear lesson, while for thee our heart
Bleeds silently, and looks to One above.

XV.

HOPING AGAINST HOPE.

In guise of love ambition lurks within,
And pants for some great sacrifice ; but He,
Whose eye hath been on Heav'n-born purity,
And watch'd the spots, which on the leopard skin
Come forth with years, and speak the evil kin,
He looks not for a crown of earthly rest,
If he may gain forgiveness, but too blest.
Tho' often bow'd to earth, with thoughts of sin
His heart be desolate, and fancy cold,
Seeing no light, he ceases not to bless,
And lift an eye to Heav'n ; not loved the less
Tho' wounded, but in resignation bold,
Tho' doubt's barb'd shafts come thick, determined
still
To trust, and do, whate'er betide, the will.

XVI.

PARTIAL AFFECTIONS.

Blest tree of Calvary, do thou abide
In fountain of our feelings, which oft prove
Marahs^a of bitterness, till thy dear love
Doth sweeten. Hence the unschool'd breast divide
Fond likings, and fond hatings, that abide
In selfishness, discordant mates, or rove
Where fancy leads. Liking doth liking move,
And love return'd but holds the glass to pride.
The love that leans on a celestial urn,
Scattereth a thousand streams, nor seeks return,
For she doth draw from her own hidden well,
That flows for ever ; and would flow unseen,
But that the freshening flower, and livelier green
Betray her, hastening with her God to dwell.

^a Exodus xv. 23.

XVII.

THE TRUE FRIEND.

Shall we the mother love, who bore to earth,
And cherish'd our unheeding infancy ;
And love not Thee, by whose sore agony
We have been born unto a better birth ?
Shall we the father love, whom our rude will
Hath grieved so often, yet doth love us still ;
Shall we the sister love, who evermore,
Still present e'en in absence, watcheth o'er
Our weariness ; loved friend, or brother dear ;
And all of good and lovely dwelling here ;
And love not Thee, from whom all to our need,
In parent, sister, friend, or brotherhood,
All that is good or lovely doth proceed,
Faint emanations from the only Good ?

XVIII.

THE SECRET OF CHEERFULNESS.

Cleanse Thou the fount whence our affections flow,
That we may joy to speak of what is good,
And to see good in all things ; in sad mood
Or buoyant, that sweet secret aye to know
Of cheerfulness, from sights of sin and woe,
To turn our chequer'd talk to healthier food.
Yea, blest self-discipline, though sternly woo'd,
Hath smiles, and gladsome is her pipe though low,
Her tuned pipe, sounding 'mid scenes forlorn.
For discipline is love, whose light hath made
All like herself: with love fresh hues are born,
Which, wheresoe'er we stand, present a shade
Lovely and new, on bough or twinkling blade,
A thousand rainbows 'mid the tears of morn.

XIX.

THE FALSE LIGHT.

Have heed thou take no meteor's lantern wild,
For light of the calm Moon, serenely pure,
In th' image of the Eternal ; this is sure,
That leads to Death's grim cavern, Fancy's child,
And there 'twill take the Comet's shape to gild
The door of desolation. Hour to hour,
From out the bleeding tree, th' all-saving Power
Hath call'd, unheard, unheeded ; pleading mild
From day to day from out the bleeding tree,
And looking Heav'n-ward in His agony,
From year to year : but in Death's twilight porch,
Imagination lit her fever'd torch,
And wings of light gleam'd on long-cherish'd pride,
Then he with triumph look'd to Him that died !

XX.

RETURN OF SPRING.

Break Thou the bars on our obedience thrown,
That we may learn to love Thee, and to fly
To Thine all-harbouring love, Thy blessings own !
All things are singing of Thee, earth and sky
Are vocal with a glad philosophy,
And vernal sweet thanksgiving. Man alone,
Nature's high-priest, is silent at Thy throne,
And ever broods, with cold averted eye,
On consciousness of evil, nor for good
Can ought believe. Thou bidd'st the desert sing,
And we may love Thee, if but understood
That blest baptismal washing of Thy Blood,
From whose eternal fount, for ever spring
Hope still renewed, and Love on healing wing.

XXI.

THE COMPLAINT.

The fragrant flower, bright insect, and sweet bird,
And beasts, and trees, and brooks, with happy voice,
Speak of Thy love, and all around are heard.
But when that we would make Thee all our choice,
And joining universal Nature's joys,
Would magnify with them our common Lord,
For all the gifts He doth to us afford ;
Yet pride and selfishness, with jarring noise,
Will mar the holiest accents we can raise.
Were I a flower, with pure and blameless breath,
I might give back Thy praises at my death ;
Were I a bird, Thy bounties I might sing ;
But now, whatever offering I would bring,
The thoughts of self come in to taint Thy praise.

XXII.

RELIGIOUS EMOTIONS.

Yet pride or sloth beset us at each turn,
Feeding on better feelings—empty air !
Or better knowledge, emptier still, tho' fair,
If Charity within doth feebly burn
For lack of fuel : she doth fill her urn
From hourly discipline, and love, and prayer,
Self-sacrifice. Right onward must we bear
Thro' varying feelings ; let Faith hold the stern,
And they to haven urge the flagging sail.
As petals from the flower, thus feelings born
Of outward things, as we to death proceed,
Drop from us one by one, and leave the seed,
A power for good or evil, not to fail
When from the soul its earthly shell is torn.

XXIII.

REPROOF.

Blessed reproach, and blessed sting of shame,
A Father's hand and chastenings all divine ;
Better than all self-torturing discipline,
The risings of the rebel soul to tame !
Ye come but to recal some deed of blame,
Or blameless deed undone. They who are Thine,
And every branch in Thee, Thou chosen Vine,
Must bear the pruning steel. Whate'er the name,
Sin and Correction travel side by side,
Till man shall have unlearn'd himself to please.
Hence Melancholy yok'd with unbought ease,
And Shame's uplifted scourge pursuing Pride,
And they, the sent of Heav'n, Want and Disease,
Angels of love which in a cloud abide.

XXIV.

ST. PAUL.

“ Therefore I take pleasure in distresses for Christ's sake.”

Suffering—it was bequeathed by one ador'd—
A precious mantle dropp'd from His dear cross,
He took it up, counting all else for loss,
And often when the arrows round him pour'd
Of cold affliction, or as when he soar'd
To Heav'n, and his meek soul proud visions woo'd,
He wrapt around in sterner hardihood
The recollection of his suffering Lord,
And deeper tenderness for those allied
In that dear Passion, till he lov'd the chain,
And suffering had forgot the sense of pain.
The cup of self-abasement was his pride,
It was the cup his Master had to drain,
And bless'd it ere He drank, and drinking died.

XXV.

“ Mark them which cause divisions, contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned ; and avoid them.”

O cruel Charity, soul-killing Love,
Or blindness, false of heart, with speeches fair
And plausive gloss, to fan the popular air
Of Schism and Heresy ! yet gently prove,
Nor scorn a wandering brother ; while her dove,
Heav'n sends to watch around thee with sweet care,
Her soft parental tendings doth not spare ;
And moon to light thee, if thou fail'st to prove
All Christ-like ways of gentleness and peace,
Holding Truth's hand, and giving no release
To lying Spirits ; if Love leave undone,
What Love might offer, thou art no true Son
Of our dear ancient Mother, who doth pray,
Though mourning, for her children gone astray.

XXVI.

CHRISTIAN RESERVE.

Things which abide nearest the fountain spring
Of our affections, cannot bear the light
Of common day, but shrink at ruder sight,
And so decay. Love is a heav'n-born thing,
To live on earth it needs home-cherishing,
Secret and shade. There is a subtle blight
In popular talk, and freer glare of light :
Soil'd is the bloom that was on Virtue's wing,
It cannot be restored. No sooner seen,
Than vanity, with silver fingers cold,
Watches the door, and lets the spoiler in,
To rifle all her treasury. She hath sold
Her diamond arms, and tinsel wears instead,
Shorn the charmed lock when once the charm is
read.

XXVII.

THE SAME.

'Tis so on earth ; they who have entrance found
Into Kings' presence-chambers, are withdrawn
From sight of them without ; and if there dawn
Ought of their fame beyond that sacred bound,
'Tis at their issuing, with high mandates crown'd,
In order from their Sovereign. If their train
Sow blessing, yet how oft for them in vain !
Who first found out, and in what cave profound,
The arts which feed us ? who taught praise to own
Melodious wings, and fill'd the breathing gold
With a sweet soul ? who were the good of old ^a ?
Most like good angels, sure, they whose sweet lot
It is to bless us, though we know it not ;
Like Him in whom we live, Himself unseen, un-
known.

^a See Mr. Newman's Sermon for St. Andrew's Day.

XXVIII.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

Yes, He is here, as in Heav'n's highest throne,
But darkly we perceive. The wandering beast,
The wild bird finds its unhous'd, unsown feast,
And knoweth not the Giver. Man hath known,
But knowing often thank'd not. He all one
About us dwells, Fountain of joy and rest.
And all that worketh in the good man's breast,
Is but the struggle more and more to own,
And feel that Presence, dimly here allow'd,
E'en to the eye of Heav'n-cleans'd purity:
So dense the mist this mortal heart doth shroud.
And what but the withdrawing of the cloud
Is death, when, lo, that Presence ever nigh,
And in the heart of hearts the Eternal's eye!

XXIX.

“ He saw them toiling in rowing, for the wind was contrary.”

Buoy Thou us up, feeble and faint we toil,
And fain would reach the shrine wherein doth dwell
Holiness and Thyself invisible ;
Yet, ever and anon, the widening coil
Of reflux waves doth all our efforts foil,
And bear us backward. If we mount the swell,
Another and another yet more fell
Laughs at our struggling, while the dark turmoil
Of ocean is beneath us. Gracious Lord,
Stretch forth Thy hand to hold us, or we sink ;
Oh, teach us Thy commandments to adore,
That we may better love Thee, on the brink
Of that o'erwhelming Future, more and more
Learning to lean on Thine Eternal Word !

XXX.

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

No, I have guilt enough, I wash me clear
From all the press, reckless of sacred things,
Daily pours forth, as from Avernian springs,
To load the poison'd air ; henceforth, whate'er
Of evil falls on my unwilling ear,
In public things or men, shall urge me on,
A voice which calls to something left undone,
A spur in Duty's sides. Behold, and fear,
From earth, sick with our varied crimes, ascend
Those vapours, which now throng Heav'n's lowering
 roof,
And hang in thunder ; still, meek mercy, still
Pleads, and the uplifted vial is aloof :
Dread pause ! and now he is his country's friend,
Who cleanses his own heart from secret ill.

.XXXI.

THE UNSHEATHING OF THE SWORD.

What seest thou, holy watchman? one that saith,
My bow is bent, my hand upon the string,
And there an arrow ready forth to spring;
It is the unsheathing of the sword of wrath;
That sword are the ungodly,—they His path
Shall clear before Him, and around their King,
In fear and meekness, shall His chosen bring;
Taught by that chastening which the blessing hath.
The ungodly in their lusts let loose to slay,
His hated sword He then shall cast away.
Therefore, when thou behold'st the clamorous throng,
Leagu'd against God's vicegerents, stand and fear,
Not man, but God! Keep thou thy conscience clear,
It is the sword which doth to God belong.

XXXII.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN TOWN.

Where shall we find that widow's treasur'd mite,
Saved for the temple's service, heavenly wise?
Or where blest Mary's costlier sacrifice?
As down Time's stream we sail, first rise to sight,
The shrines of ancient faith; with ample might,
'Mid humbler homes of men, they pierce the skies.
Then thick the domes of human pride arise,
Rich-peopled hives, and numerous, large, and bright,
While few, and far between, decayed and old,
While Avarice gathers up what Time impairs,
Or mark'd with tasteless art and thrifty cares,
Lest they o'er man's possessions stretch too bold,
'Mid growing flocks, which seek another fold,
Stand houses of our God, while Mammon spares.

XXXIII.

“ Lawlessness shall abound.”

Oh, for the rod of ancient discipline !
Unheeded and unheeding o'er the plain
They wander shepherdless, are caught and slain,
With none to help ! Oh, for the sacred sign
Of pastoral severity benign !
Spirit of noble Ambrose, wake again !
Where Aaron's rod, silencing mouths profane,
The living emblem prov'd indeed divine ?
Yea, the whole land is sick, the troubled State
Can neither cure her ills, nor bear their weight :
And in the Church's bosom the fount springs,
Novel opinions, bold and wild, and hate
Of Church authority, and hate of kings,
All filial disobedience spreading wings.

XXXIV.

NEGLECT OF FAST-DAYS.

Poor gain I deem it, that from public stage,
And rural nook, the Cross hath disappear'd,
If it no more in heart of man is rear'd :
Bent to please all in this self-pleasing age,
Nor own that sign of Sorrow's heritage.
Witness, ye nominal Fasts, no more rever'd !
The Church, ye say, is to your love endear'd,
And sadly ye her coming ills presage :
But yet unheeding her small voice ye flee,
While Friday Feastings drown the gentle call,
Which calls you to her sad Gethsemane,
Unmark'd alike or Fast or Festival ;
Sabbaths ye straiten, but ye take no part
In arts that train the penitential heart.

XXXV.

THE SAME.

That sabbath of the soul doth ever rise
At Jesus' grave, to them in ways of prayer
Who watch the world, like Evening fading there.
O gentle spirit of self-sacrifice,
Springing 'mid ordered fastings, pearl of price
Beyond the Indies, when, with heavenly air
And peaceful thoughts, which feeble frame repair,
Thou comest down, a soul of harmonies,
Like the pure Heav'ns in their tranquillity,
Quietly imaged in a wintry sea,
With all their calm blue stars. From sense conceal'd
Within the hidden soul a fount doth stand,
Where God's life-giving Presence is reveal'd^b,
With Jesus Christ sitting at His right hand.

^b St. John xiv. 21.

XXXVI.

THE SAME.

Nor only reverend thoughts of God within,
And Jesus Christ, there sitting in dread light,
Are found in fasting: but thence burns more bright
The lamp of Intercession, freed from sin,
In the right hand of Love ; o'er friends, and kin,
Brethren in Christ, and Kings of Heav'n-born right,
From the deep bosom of the Infinite,
The dews of every blessing taught to win.
Thus Love her sheltering wing spreads more and
more,
Then on that out-stretch'd wing doth upward soar,
Into the fount of Godhead far above.
Ah me, if thus thou train'st to fast and pray,
Ancient of mothers, such thy school of love,
Why are thy portals clos'd from day to day?

XXXVII.

THE SAME.

No more thy Vigils and thy Litanies,
Like watchful virgins at Heav'n-gate appear,
But oil-less lamps, which painted statues wear ;
Lifeless, if still'd the breath which Faith supplies,
And dim'd the light that lit those heav'nward eyes:
First life which fill'd those forms, then forms, which
bear

That life, decay. Oh, the strong breath of Prayer,
E'en now may fan the ember ere it dies.
O knit by all which high-born Faith hath found,
Where are your old affections, where the breath
Which sweeten'd earth and Heav'n, while yet the
ground

Was fresh with incense of that holy death ;
Ye of the narrow path, and short-lived days,
Where are ye gone in unbaptized ways ?

XXXVIII.

THE CHURCH'S LAMENT FOR NEGLECTED FAST-DAYS.

What is it nought to you, ye that pass by,
Where 'mid these caves of sorrow all forlorn,
Over my murder'd Lord I sit and mourn !
For it was I that wounded Him, 'twas I,
Not those who fled Him, or stood mocking nigh ;
And ye—see where His bleeding brow is torn,
And these pale hands, ne'er lifted, till this morn,
Save in a prayer or blessing. Here descry
Not death, but last night's sorrow ! It was He
Gave all ye have, He made the evening star,
The flower, in amber palace set the Sun ;
But in the bosom of Blessedness afar,
He could not leave us, but came down, and see—
Ah, is it nought to you, ye that pass on ?

XXXIX.

THE IRRESOLUTE CHURCHMAN'S ANSWER.

Yea, 'tis blest woe blest gladness cherisheth,
Both join to weave Love's robe ; to strengths unseen
Leading the child that on His Church will lean,
Who on the day her Lord resigned His breath,
Takes him to deeper shades and caves of death,
That he may see, withdrawn from the world's ken,
The stars, how o'er Heaven's exiled citizen,
They come from high to form a deathless wreath.
I know—resolve—and do not—and, anon,
The wheel of human custom bears me on,
Stretching mine empty hands to healthful springs.
Once more, then, oh, once more, before my heart
Be cold—O Time, I seize thee by thy wings,
And wrestle with thee,—bless me ere we part !

XL.

THOUGHTS OF DEATH.

The objects we have lov'd are quite gone by,
The infinite reality comes on,
Nothing remains but that which I have done ;
Things in my being wrought internally,
And second nature, every dearest tie,
Loved faces, and loved scenes, youth's friendships,
gone
Everlastingly ; there remains but one,
And he must be encounter'd presently,
And that is Death. This is the truth of things,
As he, who to his present spirit brings
The fathomless Hereafter, must confess.
I would not wind me in strain'd thoughtfulness
Too high, but ever thus the truth would see,
Most deeply, rightly, and most tranquilly.

XLI.

PARTING.

Parting to meet no more ! hard to the ear,
But warm'd 'neath Meditation's brooding wing,
Disclosing sweet and solemn thoughts, that here
We are but strangers, homeward journeying :
And whatsoe'er of good a gleam may fling
On the receding bank, our course to cheer,
As down the stream we sail, in some new sphere
May wake again, like some forgotten thing,
Seen in a dream. Yet, howsoe'er it seem,
Sure it were well to leave it all to Him.
Him if we seek in all things, in all things
Him shall we find, and nearer than we deem ;
If but the eye be single, Love the wings
Shall find, and soar to hymns of Seraphim.

The Mountain Home.

The Mountain Home^a.

Oh, what great troubles and adversities hast Thou shewed me !
and yet didst Thou turn and refresh me : yea, and broughtest
me from the deep of the earth again. *Psalms* lxxi. 18.

Day and Night, strange centinels on Time's watch,
Winter and Summer, that arch'd vault above
Still varying, still the same, and hum of men,
Piling dwarf citadels in sand ; ye seem
A dream departing to my languid eye,
Wearied with watchfulness ! All but the cloud,
Which round its hermit being the spirit wrought,
Peopled with fond inquietudes. I strove
To steal beneath the wing of pitiless sleep,
Till o'er my heart there came a spell, and rous'd
To keenest life those subtle ministers,

^a These extracts are taken from some reflections in an illness,
written in the year 1826, the whole of which it has been con-
sidered advisable not to publish, as not conducing to Christian
quietness of mind, an objection which it is hoped these passages
are not so liable to.

Which, from the spirit's viewless citadel,
Hold commune with the outer world ; and then
The bodiless creations of the brain
Seem'd to assume a strange reality,
Figure, and life, and this material ball
A visionary shadow, seeming fair.

I seem'd to living consciousness awak'd
From the short dream of life, where, as we thought
To ply our busy schemes, an unseen hand
Hurried us on from scene to scene, and weigh'd
In scales of stern probation ; we the while
From fear to hope, from hope to fear, ranged on,
Unconscious. All was stillness—then from far
The thrilling chain of Recollections woke,
Like long-forgotten strains in distance heard :
And all again was stillness—Memory seem'd
To lift the curtain from her shadowy world,
Like a bright isle beyond the o'er-darken'd seas,
Pictur'd upon a watery cloud, and brought
To a strange nearness : there a thousand shapes
In moonlight shadows seem'd to gleam ; fair Hope,
Eye-bright before, and lost in gloom behind,
Embryo Resolve, and Warning, lightning-clear,
And heav'n-ward Instincts, on the infant soul
Dawnings of Immortality ; nor least

That deep mysterious gloom in mortal joy
Speaking of Eden lost. A dream-like light
Was o'er me, and as when th' unfetter'd soul
All eye, all ear, careless of space and time,
Sports darkling, and around the slumberous woof
Weaves in one image distant scenes : and then
Around me came the scenes of infancy,
Wearing unearthly freshness.
Strange hectic bloom, as if the glow of youth,
Like in that fabled City of the Dead,
Dwelt in cold marble. While in vain I sought
The pulse of life, it seem'd so shadowy still,
As if that Lethe, and the shapes that brood
On her black mirror, were upon the world,
And Nature's wheel were still ; so motionless
Stood the bright scene, like a mute waterfall,
Hanging in ice-bound stillness 'neath the Moon.

The Sun was resting on the ocean wave,
Where, 'tween two winding hills that closed the vale,
The watery landscape lay, and seem'd to join
The bending sky : from far around, the clouds
Hasten'd to hang their golden canopy,
Lit by his parting smile. It was a scene
That seem'd to mock reality, so still
In viewless struggle between light and shade,

Unchanging—yet each moment chang'd ! The sails
Which on the burnish'd mirror seem'd asleep,
So motionless, like summer butterflies
With pennons couch'd upon some honied blade,
Behind yon crag have vanish'd, one by one ;
A sail-less speck is lingering yet--and yet—
On the red orb—that orb, which seem'd at rest—
Is lessen'd to a curve : beautiful scene,
Seeming in still and pictured loveliness,
Unearthly semblance, framed to cheat awhile
The eye of poor mortality ! Time was
When I could look on thee ; and I would watch
Those bright dyes streaming from some other world,
As if to tell that there were brighter scenes,
Than ever on the spiritual eye of man
Have gleam'd ; that all so seeming fair on earth
Were but a painted cloud, and all that gilds
The path of life a frail unreal guest,
A ray from the imperishable Heavens.
Beautiful illusion, in Childhood's hour
Time was when I could look on thee—but now
Thou wakest thoughts too deep !

The stars of night

Were mingling with my dreams, and where e'en now
The purple imagery of Eve, there glowed
Thro' the deep vault, what seem'd the silvery track

Of some ethereal visitant, a cloud
Of living lustre ; or, as deem'd of old,
An isle Elysian 'mid the seas of light,
Sailing among th' eternal lamps of Heaven :
Solemn assemblage of mysterious worlds,
Speaking of immortality to man,
Of houses in eternity ! Dread thought,
If it be true that on the heav'n-searching glass
Worlds have familiar gleam'd, and pass'd away !
Where have those voices slept so long, that now
They break upon the midnight of the mind
So stilly clear ? Where have those warning sounds
Lurk'd thro' Hope's summer day, that now they wake
To rouse the mountain echoes of the night,
And shake the feverish soul ? and haply thus,
When Life's brief sun sinks to yon shadowy vale,
Waking no more around the path of man
Flowers rainbow-hued, and insect revelries,
Myriads of sights and sounds shall burst to view,
Myriads of worlds, and thro' the ancient Heav'ns,
Crystalline paths, chain within chain, that move
On links of golden harmony, with song
Circling the throne of the Invisible.

While still I strove to sleep, from the dark world
Stray twilight images, and broken gleams

Came fitfully, to blend with dreamy shapes,
And Slumber's wild domain, and now I seem'd
Falling in sweet forgetfulness, and now
I started from Oblivion's dark abode.
I call'd up happy scenes and childhood's wiles,
And then before me came that elfin sprite,
With form grotesque and guileless fantasies,
Mocking at woe. From Memory's silent realm
Came living portraitures and Nature's haunts,
Like gleams on the dark mountains, and around,
Withdrawing from corporeal sense, I brought
Green spots, the mountain rock, the wood, the glen,
And noise of rushing waters ; till, awhile,
From her own stores my feverish fancy drunk
A dewy freshness. Now I seem'd above
The torrent chasm, beside that sunless rock
That used to haunt my childhood, where within
A sound was heard, as of a fabled sprite
To durance doom'd : now from an aged tree,
Leaning o'er a lone fountain I had seen,
A watery grotto, 'neath its crystal deeps
Enfolding hoary palaces and caves ;
Fantastic realms, where the dwarf lichen seem'd
Like pine-trees waving 'neath the glassy floor ;
Sweet fountain cradle, where the great world sleeps
In miniature, with all its rocks and caves,

Its Alpine caves and rocks in crystal blue,
Serenely beautiful ! meet fairy haunt
Of water spirit, such as poets feign.

But neither sunless rock, nor mount, nor glen,
Nor water spirit in her crystal cave,
Could cheat the feverish footsteps of despair.
I turn'd to Nature's face, till Nature's face,
And her fantastic mood, in cave, and fount,
Were wearisome. For e'en the scenes that slept
'Neath Memory's glassy mirror, fair as scenes
Pourtrayed in summer lake, had caught the gloom
From the o'er-hanging cloud.

And then there woke,
O'er the dark hour the thought of guiltiness,
In dread clear vision, like that fabled ship,
Homeless and havenless, which, seen afar,
Hurries portentous 'mid the tempest's gloom,
With spectral crew, and phantom sail outspread,
Fearfully visible. Then seem'd the soul
Ebbing into a vast and wandering void,
And dark disquietings, a dismal troop,
Hung on the rear of life. And when methought
To sink in arms of sleep, long woo'd in vain,
Ah, not in Lethe's dews her opiate wand,
But dipp'd in Stygian flames !

At length arose
A radiant arch, and on it sat a form
With eyes upturn'd to Heav'n.

Breathless I sat,
Upon that holy hill of Calvary,
In a deep death-like calm. The earthquake voice,
The cry of agony, the scoff, the dread,
Had sunk in dismal solitude. Around
Was a mysterious gloom, unearthly still,
And here, and there, a shrouded form drew near,
Gazing in silence. Thro' the thunder-cloud
There came a gleam upon that bleeding frame,
Where, darkly wrestling with keen agony,
The soul's last struggle on the clay-cold brow
Was fixed in death, blending ineffably
Pity, and prayer, and pardon.
Sweetness past utterance, and gentle peace,
Sorrow's soft nurse, sweet as, amid the rocks,
The hollow footsteps of the parting storm,
When tranquil Eve comes on ! Thou who didst sit
Hungry and weary on the Syrian well—
Thou who did'st wander thro' the howling wild
Houseless and friendless—Thou by Kedron's brook,
In that dark hour that man can never know,
Dropping Thine heart's own blood—meek, suffering
Lord,

Thou know'st too well the weight that bows the soul,
And throb of keenest agony ! Dear Lord,
Teach me with Thee to climb the hill of woe,
Teach me with Thee to walk the waves, nor dread
The roar of dark Eternity beneath,
For Thou hast set us on that fearful gulf,
That we may learn to lean on Thee alone.
And Thou wilt not forget my trembling soul
'Mid millions—Thou wilt dwell alone with me,
Father and Friend, as on the twinkling main
Sleep countless moons in pictur'd miniature,
Each in unbroken semblance: or the Sun
Spangles the dew-drops on each pearly blade,
Each drop reflects his perfect beam, each blade
Drinks life, as if for him alone it glow'd.
And Thou didst walk the earth, a Being of clay,
Thine heart, Thine eye, was in the Heav'n of Heav'ns,
Reading th' Eternal Mind. Day without end,
And all that dread immensity of being,
Was with Thee and about Thy path, and still
Brooding around Thee, not like Sabbath robes,
And Sabbath thoughts, but as the noonday Sun,
“ An ever-during presence not put by.”
Familiar as the o'er-arching vault of Heav'n,
And like the day about Thy paths, wherein
Was seen the nothingness of earthly toys,

While we in misty twilight fain would fling
Magnificence around them. Oh, no more
Let me forsake Thine unseen guiding hand !
Oh, lead me to Thy sweet and peaceful home,
Beside the streams of comfort,
That I no more with seven worse spirits turn
To the world's wilderness ! Spirit of Peace,
Long lost—long fled—where have I strayed from
Thee,
Fountain of healthful thoughts and gentle hope,
Where have I strayed from Thee ? when, if awhile
There came upon my soul that still small voice,
Dwelling 'mid Nature's solitudes, it came
But like the gale upon the harp, that woke
A momentary thought, and died away.
O lead me to Thy sweet and peaceful home ;
Thee have I sought amid the pathless woods,
Thee 'mid th' untrodden mountains and dark glen,
Unconscious, while I fled Thee. Thou it was
In the calm summer noon, when Nature stood
Awfully beautiful, and from the steep
Hung listening to the solemn harmony
Of woods and waters : Thou it was, dread Power,
Walking in stillness thro' the peopled scene,
'Mid calm of earth and Heaven ! and Thou it was
In mid-day twilight, when the torrent's voice

Hurrying his mountain multitudes from far,
Call'd to the echoing woods, and the dark Heaven,
In gloom descended on the shrouded heights.
I stood amid those mountain solitudes,
On a rude plank that cross'd the torrent chasm,
Roaring eternally, till on the eye
Hung the cold tear unconscious, and I turn'd
Unworthy with those shadowy forms to blend,
Nature's unsullied children : then came on
Feelings of solemn loneliness, and thought
Amid the silence of creation's works,
Waking the echoes of the past ; until
The veil of things, and this mysterious being,
And the dark world, and fall'n humanity,
Hung like a weight upon the soul ; then woke
Stirrings of deep Divinity within,
And, like the flickerings of a smouldering flame,
Yearnings of an hereafter : Thou it was,
When the world's din and Passion's voice was still,
Calling Thy wanderer home.

Spirit of Peace,

O let me rest beneath Thy palmy shade,
And trace in Thy clear fountain, calm and deep,
Shadows of happier things, and the pure Heav'n ;
Mirror of deep tranquillity, beyond
The sweep of scorching winds and wintry cold !

Or if not to that haven of Thy rest,
Yet let Thy cheering beam, thro' the dark wild,
Fall gently on my lonely path ! and, oh,
When all around is dreariness and night,
Let me not call it solitude, if Thou,
b Light of the soul, be near ! and if the storms
Gather around me, and the waterfloods
Roll o'er my soul, oh, let no envious clouds
Hide from mine eyes that solitary star,
Rising in loveliness beyond the storm.
Oh, o'er the howling wilderness of waves,
Let not Faith fail to bear me up ! be Thou
My guardian, Thou my guide ; Thee may I see
When earth is fading from my dying eyes,
Thee c may I hold with faltering hand ! Awhile,
And all this strange terraqueous scene of things
Shall be but like a sick man's dream, or gleams
That came upon the dawn of infancy,
And all our tears but like the dews of night,
Lost in the presence of eternal sun.

b Tu mihi curarum requies, tu, nocte vel atrâ,
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis. *Tibullus.*

c Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu. *Ibid.*

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Poor murmurer, cease to fret and roar,
With hurried step and ruffled breast,
Thy pebbled path will soon be o'er,
And thou on Ocean's bosom rest.

And what to yon vast endless home
Each little rock that checks thy way,
To where yon mountain billows roam,
To where yon worlds of water stray?

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

I stood within a vale with hills girt round,
Save where its opening portals did disclose
A sapphire shield of deep o'er-arching blue,
Bright Ocean, with his glistening wilderness,
Wedded to the blue Heav'ns. And then, anon,
With a strange inland winding, seen again
Amid the mountains, with his watery arch
Just gleaming, and his mail-like winding back
Shew'd like a river, for the hills beyond
Came and stood near, a giant multitude,
Like some wild vision looking on the vale
In clear and distinct neighbourhood from far.
Those hills are still the same—and those calm woods,
And that dear eminence, still looking down
Upon its own bright valley, as of old.
Somehow methought an age had pass'd away,
And Memory's dim visions walk'd the glades,
Speaking mysterious with strange eloquence.
But where are they who made that scene so dear?
Where are they? They methought were not!

THE SEA AND MOUNTAINS AT NIGHT.

I.

Strange stillness, and strange solitude ! the world
With all its vanities in glowing sheen,
Its busy hopes full-set, its sails unfurl'd,
Moves stilly onward to its closing scene.
Beneath us, and around us, tho' unseen,
An Ocean heaves his thunders ; but we grown
Familiar sport his foaming locks between,
While ope his marble jaws, and one by one
We are not,—he rolls on all midnight and alone.

II.

Shall the soul rest upon Life's stormy pillow,
To slumber lull'd by Nature's solemn bass ;
And anchor like a sea-bird on the billow,
While darkness sits beneath the watery glass ?
Lo, silvery gleams on the tempestuous mass
Break sternly beautiful, from worlds serene
Fall moonlight rays ; and home-bound spirits pass,
Rejoicing in the light, by all unseen,
Save Him alone who sits behind the eternal screen.

III.

Thus, 'mid her calm and azure palaces,
Sits gentle Hope, speaking of Heav'nly rest,
Shedding her mantle sweet o'er Life's rude seas:
Like her, that with unchang'd, tho' changing crest,
Walks forth her monthly round from out the west;
She fills her faded horn with borrowed gleam,
And clouds, that would enshroud her, doth invest
With her own brightness; O, lift up thy beam,
Light on Night's brow thy darkly-gleaming diadem!

IV.

Earth's peers, the sun and moon, are aged grown;
It is the torrent's stillness, ere it fall!
Torches of Heav'n, lit at the Eternal's throne,
Thro' this dim scene of things, Time's twilight hall,
They lead her to the tomb's o'er-hanging pall.
On Earth the torrent's stillness! now, e'en now,
The rush, the roar of waves, a watery wall
Hath sprung aloof, and arch'd the gulf below,
Where Faith with upturn'd eyes sits on the illumined bow.

V.

Erewhile she made her cradle in Night's womb,
Rock'd by the chainless elements, 'neath the throne

Of darkness, with light warring thro' the gloom :
E'en Order rose with measured orison
Waking the desolation, and anon
From cowl of mantling Chaos, o'er him hung,
Gradual unveiling his uplifted crown,
On wheels of harmony, divinely sprung,—
While all the morning stars around her cradle rung.

VI.

Lift up thy fallen and sin-wither'd head,
For Time is old, and shakes his glass at thee
With palsied hand,—thy dust is numbered!
O Time, I see his mighty shadow flee
O'er earth, to join the past eternity ;
Like some wing'd messenger on towering height,
Girded with speed, with stature on the sky,
Folds not his wing, but doth on earth alight,
And shrouds himself again in the vast infinite.

VII.

In ruin, yet in ruin beautiful,
Thou prison-house of Hope, with belt of stars,
Thy glorious sea, and arch'd aerial hall ;
Still Beauty on thee waits, thy lightning scars
To clothe with flowers,—'tween darksome clouds
 appears,—

And throws o'er stern decay her gleaming pall,—
Wakes ever tones of mercy ; and uprears
Her glittering head o'er Nature's funeral ;
O Messenger most sweet from Him that loveth all!

VIII.

From Him who ever watches, if at length,
Beneath the wings of His all-fostering Dove,
He may but gain one wanderer ; and His strength
Holds back in pleadings of eternal Love.
Yea, and that Messenger is from above,
That rends thy pearl-deck'd mantle of blue light,
To invest thee with the thunder ; and that strove
Darkly to tell, that, 'neath the flowery height,
The Avernian whirlwind's wing doth fold itself in
Night.

IX.

But see, where far the radiant Twilight flies,
And oft at fits, lifting Night's jetty pall,
Unbars the mountain dread sublimities,
That clotheth themselves with darkness, 'neath light's
fall
More palpable ; and bursts at interval
The mountain amphitheatre reveal'd,
And wild Orion, from the ethereal wall

Watching bright Hesper on the adverse field,
Leaning on Ocean's verge his redly-glooming
shield.

X.

Dark Ocean heaves amid the gloom profound
His solemn diapason to the Moon,
With that strange falling—falling undersound,
Like thunder ; she, from out her cloudy noon,
Look'd forth upon his deep-toned benison ;
There gleam'd a boat, in light shower'd thro' a
cloud,
'Mid multitudinous billows all alone,
With busy forms of life, a shadowy crowd,
A silver spot amidst dark Ocean's leaden shroud.

XI.

That boat is seen no more,—but a lone beam,
And far from out the horizon on the west,
In gloomy indistinctness, like a dream,
A gleaming islet lifts its rocky nest ;
As if the parting Day, sinking to rest,
There left his glowing mantle ; sweet repose
Beyond Night's confines ! brighter shapes confest
The twilight walk, as if that gale that rose
Blew the vast skirt aside, and darkly did disclose

XII.

Beauty's immortal lineaments. On high
The Moon is in her watch-tower, 'mid dark clouds
Attendant rolling on her pageantry ;
Herself unseen, afar her glory broods
On the bright waters ; now troop sable shrouds
Of winged darkness o'er Heav'n's moving roof,
And 'neath the blackening waves, like shadowy
crowds,
Or Stygian coursers upon soundless hoof ;
Now o'er the watery dome the curtains hang aloof.

XIII.

Now brighter and more bright bursts forth the tress
Of the white Queen of Night ; lo, from her shield,
In palpable and massy hoariness,
A cloud-born image flies, now dim reveal'd
Strange sights of elemental war they wield,
And battle in Heav'n. She, thro' the welkin riven,
Mounts up the watery arch, far o'er the field,
O'er scatter'd hosts and shapes of blackness driven,
Unveils her solemn state, and reigns serene in Heaven.

XIV.

And thou again, thou lost and ruin'd earth,
That strugglest with the mystery dimly thrown

Around thee, and the clouds that mar thy birth,
Shalt burst the bars of darkness, purer grown,
And walk in glory round thy Maker's throne;
Rising from out the dust, and o'er thee flung
A mantle of bright lustre not thine own,
Shalt climb the ancient Heav'ns, the stars among,
To hymn the Crucified, and join the eternal song.

June, 1829.

IRREGULAR THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

I.

O voice come forth from Truth's eternal hall,
That we shall endless be for weal or woe ;
How dost thou, in the silence of dead night,
 The listening heart appal !
Still nearer and still nearer ever brought
 By ever-deepening thought,
As stars grow on the telescope's clear light :
 Till mightiest things below
Seem wither'd leaves, whose shadows pass
 Beneath some watery glass.
O vast above us of unmeasured sky,
 With but a shell between !
O deep of deep immensity,
 And thought-unfathomed sea,
 Beneath us, though unseen !
Rous'd at the view around her house of clay,
The ethereal spirit feels for some sure stay :
Then turns to watch the hues that o'er her mansion
 play.

II.

Far stretching forth beyond her earthly bond,
The straining sight searches the horizon round,
 And finds no bound,
Another and another yet beyond,
 In deepening thought profound !
Woke by the touch of Contemplation's wand,
 The soul takes wing,
Yet higher and yet higher doth she spring,
 And yet she finds no bound ;
Then sinks in that dread thought's wild fa-
 thoming,
Nor ever feels the ground.

III.

Let wild creeds come and go—
Beneath the weight of that ne'er-dying Now,
Beneath the weight of that o'erwhelming throe,
 On naught but One in Godhead infinite,
 And infinite in might,
Can deathless being lay its fever'd brow.
Go count the diamond drops that fill Night's urn :
Those mighty multitudes, which from her cells
 Come forth, are lamps which round the palace
 burn,
Where the Eternal dwells.

Could He put off that robe of Heav'nly light,
Deck'd with those gems which baffle sight,
To put on weeds of creeping man?
Would'st know? then learn Eternity to scan,
And weigh it well,
And put it in the scale with him that fell.
Whenthou hast mark'd that Ocean's furthest tides,
Then may'st thou take thy compass, and bring down
The everlasting heights where God abides
To measurings of thine own;
And count the attributes which gem His crown.
Then may'st thou take the Ocean in thy hand,
And number his sun-glittering sand,
And measure Heav'n's eternal love
By that which in thy breast doth move.
Ah, no, the little flower,
Which by some mountain streamlet hath its home,
Drinks of the Sun's bright shower,
And wraps its head from the Storm's passing gloom,
But knoweth not his cradle or his tomb.

IV.

The Sun and Moon just now were on the main,
In union of strange majesty,
While solemn Evening wove her fairest chain,
They all must die!

And now the multitudinous mountains sleep around,
 They all shall flee away,
The eye shall seek for them, but they
 Shall not be found.
Night o'er the sky her banner hath unfurl'd,
And marshals for her army many a world ;
 They all shall fall, like faded leaves
 When dishevell'd Autumn grieves :
The soul this day lit by celestial fire,
 Cannot expire ;
But, when the blazing universe is flown,
 Shall in Judgment stand alone :
Then what to me is Honour, Love, or Hate,
To-morrow launch'd upon that shoreless state ?
 Yea, ere this night hath morning met,
 The Judgment may be set,
 The time for Prayer will then be gone,
 And to undo what then is done ;
 Dread thought ! like lightning passing o'er,
Searching the heart,—then leaves it as before.

V.

The Moon's white footsteps scour the mountains
 hoar,
Then leave them, cold and darken'd as of yore.
The Sun's fleet shafts speed o'er the watery main,

Opening the wild deeps as they go,
Then leave them to their solitudes again.
The kite on high his passing shadow flings,
And all the forest birds are cowering low,
Then tune their songs anew and plume their
wings ;

The deepening earth and sky,
Pictur'd in miniature in glancing eye,
One moment there are glass'd, and then are
not ;

Thus the dread thoughts of our eternal lot
Fleet o'er the unstable soul, and are forgot.

VI.

But ever as we oftener thither turn,
To those vast worlds Life's sunshine hides from
sight,

They in our thoughts do steadier burn,
And ever grow upon the growing sprite.
Thus from that sea of never-ending light,
Our spirits drink of an enduring life,

With forms diverse and colours rife :
As to the deeps of Love who oft repair,
In never ceasing prayer,
Do gather thence the love that they would
learn.

VII.

'Mid scenes of these our destinies manifold,
Ever advancing to be old,
Still on and on we climb
Upon the back of time ;
Like some huge rock whose sides we mount on high,
Like some poor creeping fly.
But borne aloft upon that towering height,
Standing upon the Infinite,
Man seems to an unwonted greatness grown,
And stature not his own.
O dangerous sight, if Love and Fear be gone!
O Truth far better left to us untold!
For in the giant rock we contemplate,
In grasp of our conceptions we seem great,
Seeing our shadows lengthen on the mountain side,
And we forget that we must there abide,
And in that silent dwelling have our part,
Stript of our pride,
When we have laid this towering form,
To say—Corruption, thou my mother art,
My sister, thou the worm.

VIII.

Her prison-house around
The soul is searching still for knowledge fair ;
But bars of ignorance are there,

And the thunder's lair,
To warn her of forbidden ground.
There Heresy in darkness sleeps profound,
And Error there, and Doubt are wandering still,
Upon that mist-enshrouded hill.
Still Duty's wicket-gate stands ope below,
Calm as the Moon's pale brow.
Then sets the soul her restless sail,
To catch each passing gale
To bear her to some golden shore,
Which misery and disquiet guard for evermore,
Stretching their arms around dim phantoms pale.
Then would she make herself some airy car,
Above her earthly clog to soar,
And claim her kindred with the star ;
Wooing vain Honour to her side,
Like a spangled phantom bride,
With her and wan Corruption to abide.
And still below the narrow gate stands ope,
Leading to ways of lowly Poverty,
And moon-lit paths of duty, calm and free ;
But ever-busy earth-born Hope
Is filling her with projects evermore,
Too high for that low door.
Then fever'd Fancy lifts enthusiasm's torch,
And kindles up this darkling porch,

With shadows bold,
Turning the clouds which guilty spirits hold
Into celestial figures manifold.
Still Duty's narrow wicket open stands,
And Love in vain stretches her eager hands :
 We one by one are not,
 But still the sky is fair ;
 And sunbeams sleeping there,
 Where the white-gleaming cot
Sits on its mountain shelf, 'mid hanging fields of gold.

IX.

I saw a jutting rock amidst the sea,
And on it things in a strange revelry,
Not sporting, but contending all about,
 For ampler room and mastery.
And fast on each, within that maddening rout,
 The Sea put forth his hand,—they were no more:
 The rest still strove as they had strove before,
The Sun shone on that rock as it had shone of yore.
It makes me sad to think of that contentious reef.
 An insect brood then saw I on a leaf,
 Which every wind that passed shook withal,
Stern admonition that it soon would bear away ;
 And on it were dark creepings of decay :
 “ We heed not,” said they, “ tho' our lives be brief,

This but our cradle is, and not our home ;
And tho' Decay builds 'neath our verdant hall,
Wings have we gathering, and we shall be
gone."

Then said I, this is better,—I would own
This thought—'tis sweet,—such thoughts come
at our call,
Forbidding the weak soul on visions wild to roam.

X.

I to that boundless Love would ever turn,
From that, as from some hidden urn,
Drawing the peaceful thoughts of Charity,
And bid the world good bye.
For that calm grove, wherein our Mother dwells
Beside those living wells,
Wherein the face of Heav'n is ever clear,
And looks out from the azure deeps
Rather in love than fear ;
And on its tranquil margin sleeps
Some aged hoary pile, which on its breast
Is calmly in its rest.
So may I turn from turbid rills
Which fever'd Fancy fills,
And from pale Superstition's brood
That dwell in solitude.

Oh, take me, tranquil Mother, 'neath thy wing,
That I may dare look out on that dread sea,
While in calm watchfulness I learn of thee,
And to thy hopes of mercy cling.

XI.

Those that have been before us we displace,
Only that we may give our space,
To them who are behind us in the race.
Before, on dim eventful pilgrimage,
Prophets and aged patriarchs to the tomb,
Like travellers girded for a distant home,
Are hurrying, as the shadows of a cloud.

And from the heights of age,
O'er gathered bounds of many-number'd years,
They look out from Life's evening hermitage ;
And as they pass one voice they lift aloud,
We are but strangers in this vale of tears ;
Yea, as we spoke, our life it hurried by,
Like the swift post that passes speedily ;—
Or the wing'd ship upon the summer sea ;—
Like the keen eagle on its prey that flew ;—
Or the fleet shuttle which the weaver threw ;—
Like the quick arrow parting the thin air,
Which clos'd again, and left no vestige there ;—
Like smoke which, as we watch'd, was vanished ;—
A flower of morn at evening withered :

Yea, like a leaf with which the waters play,
Yea, like a flood Thou bearest us away;
A dream, which on the morning eyelid lies,
And in the twinkling of a sunbeam flies.
Thus upon fleetest wings did our life flee,
And while it was it was but vanity.
We nothing knew, nor whence, nor where, nor why;
But that our God was good, and we were born to die.

XII.

This place is not our home,—O thought most vain!
As well the wandering crane,
Might seek his home upon the stormy sky;
Or the wing'd butterfly
In faded leaves on which the worm was lain.
We are lost children in an unknown wood,
Who nothing know but their own solitude;
Ah, them no zeal of gathering flowers,
Nor gleam of light that comes upon those bowers,
Nor pebble-piled tower, nor gleaned wreath
Shall tempt to rest those baleful shades beneath.
But we, alas! or sleep, or random roam,
Till all forgotten is our Father and our home.

XIII

Where shall the aching mourner find relief,
Whose bosom is with fresh bereavement torn,

Where Love was born and cherish'd, for that grief
What balm hath breath of eve, or summer morn?

Come forth, and see how these long foster'd flowers
Are trailing 'neath the trees,—how sweet the sun
Goes down upon the wave, from woodland bowers
There comes a dewy freshness,—his work done,

See, Labour homeward hies! The eye hath roved,
And is 'mid other scenes, where parting life
Lit up the eyes which most on earth it loved,
And all these scenes with other tales are rife,

While Nature's harmonies, like discord fall
On the untuned ear. Then seek the roof
Of sweet Philosophy; I hear her call,
From her charm'd lute sure grief doth stand aloof!

Alas! why should I seek her witching cave,
Unless it were to bring back those we love,
And that she cannot; nor would Sorrow have
The grave give up its owner. Care hath strove

And Friendship with her watchful tending eye,
If haply she fond memory yet might steal
From straying round the tomb to life's bright sky,
But He who gave the wound alone can heal.

It is alone the thought that we are here
But strangers from our Father, with no rest,
No home, no peace, nought lasting, nothing dear,
Till we are gather'd to a Father's breast.

Tho' pain and grief prevail, that God is good,
That nothing can be evil on this earth,
Wherein His sacred Spirit hath abode,
Save what from man, and evil will hath birth.

XIV.

No, sad indeed it were if this were all,
And we were not by the glad Hope sustain'd,
That there are better things for us laid up,
Than all the gilded toys which 'neath the thrall
Of Passion lead us onward, no drop gain'd
To fill the slakeless spirit in life's cup.
Else it were sad to find each cherish'd thing
With falling and grey hairs upon the wing,
And hurrying from us; and at every turn
Upon life's road amid the landscape fair
To see a sepulchre^a,
And drop our natural tears: O lesson stern,
But for the hope that better things are won
For us, to the Soul's haven travelling on,

^a et nunc, ecce, sepulcrum
Incipit apparere Bianoris. *Virgil.*

Which freed from clouds of passion may discern,
A mighty Helper who with us doth dwell,
Strengthening herself to see the Invisible.

XV.

Then let us gather boldness in that hope,
With the world's sternest phantoms calmly cope,
And set our sail right onward, while the day
Is ours, and Love doth marshal us the way.
Let others sleep, or sport on summer sea,
 Forgetful of the storm behind ;
Set we the sail right onward, homeward flee,
 E'en now I hear the distant wind
Muster his forces 'mid the thunder hills,
The little hand e'en now the whole horizon fills.

XVI.

When Prophecy of old had birth
 On fallen earth,
In singlenes it sprung,
 Feeble and young ;
Then forth it put a gladdening leaf,
 Beneath earth's cloud of grief.
Then branch on branch to sorrowing man's
 relief
Its sheltering shadow flung.

And in each branch there was a budding gem,
And in each gem there was a hidden stem,
And in each stem a leafy diadem.
And every branch on that prophetic tree,
Was emblem of some mightier mystery,
 Like boughs of trees, on which they climb,
 Which are both counterpart and limb :
 Till to a mighty whole upgrown,
It stood on earth, its stature touch'd the sky,
 Filling the Church invisible ;
And 'neath its shade the saints they came to dwell,
And on its head their was a heavenly crown.
For Earth itself is but the secret womb,
Or embryo form of something yet to come ;
 And every deed in virtue sown
Shall blossom when the world is overthrown,
 And not a vestige known.
Each gleam that now plays on the skyey roof
Hath strayed from mansions which are hid on high,
And all the darksome colours in life's woof
Are from the house where grief can never die.
 Each wind and gushing storm,
 Which nature doth deform,
Are heralds of the time, when shall be borne
Upon their sounding wheels the dreadful Judgment
 Morn.

LIFE AND DEATH.

The wind will bear us soon away
Like wither'd leaves ;
And our hopes like brilliant spray,
Which Ocean heaves,
Which it bears unto the light
To catch the ray, then vanish quite.
And we then shall ever be
In a house most sad to see ;
Or of joy as of a river
Drink, and drink on for ever.
All our joys like rivers be,
Swallowed in Joy's deathless sea :
All our woes like rivers be,
Swallowed in Woe's deathless sea.
Then what is all this world within,
Ere the brittle shell be broken ;
Or of life the dizzy din,
Ere the word of death be spoken ?

THE WITNESS TO ALL NATIONS.

I.

Knowledge wave after wave the world doth fill,
Like Ocean in his might,
The Gospel trump is blown from hill to hill ;—
A glorious city standing on each height,
A witness dread with beacon-light,
Maketh around the darkness visible.
Unto our dungeon dim,
Deep avenues are ope around,
Unto abodes of golden Cherubim,
And scenes of Heav'n that wax not old ;—
Within the wild hath Christ unwound
His treasures manifold ,—
But what is this if Love grow cold,
And Faith be no where found,
While lust and pride and wrong throughout the
world abound ?

II.

From land to land that kingdom shall be spread,
From heaven which cometh down,

Wherein the lamb shall with the lion play,
And both shall by a child be led,—
The kingdom of the day ;
A wondrous net shall o'er the earth be thrown,
Of golden meshes made ;
And in the wilderness a table laid ;
Man seen with God along the darkling way,
In lowly fear made bold,
Shall as with brother converse hold ;
But what, alas, if 'mid the heavenly ray,
Fancy still stores on earth her treasured hoard,
And few the secret learn of them that fear the Lord.

III.

O Word divine of wondrous energy,
That converse with poor fishermen,
(By the lone shore of Galilee,
Or Tabor rising on the distant ken,)
That One from the dark grave there shall be
born
With such a glorious light,
That all earth's shades shall in that beam be
bright ;
But they who walk in that celestial morn,
Shall unto their own darkness turn,
And proffer'd love shall spurn,—

That so in that dread summoning again,
When the deep silent vault for aye is riven,
They to their earthly cares and pleasures shall be
 given,
And Noah and just Lot to them shall call in
 vain.

IV.

Yea, that vast world where deathless things have
 birth,

 Like the horizon girding earth,
Is spread around us,—but we lowly bow'd
To scenes of little love or little strife,
Creep amid creeping things, an insect crowd,
 Unto a silent cave.

Thus are they, spirits form'd for endless life,
Like seeds by vagabond winds o'er moor, mount,
 wave,

Borne frustrate, or beneath some shady wood
Left to the heat and cold of parching skies,

 Till the true germ of life within them dies,—
 Embryos abortive of high destinies!

What though 'mid Angels' hosts we draw our
 breath,

If while we walk in our own solitude,
 Broad be the way to death.

V.

Like Heav'n encircling earth the boundless view
Is spread around, peopled with forms of light,

Angels which joy o'er mortals true,

But the world's sun is on our sight,
That knowing it we know not, nor behold.

Look out and see, e'en now as then of old,

The world with cries of Freedom rings,
Doth not the earth her ancient revel hold?

Tho' sternly mindful of serener things

Striving to gain each wanderer 'neath her wings,

From place to place the dove of mercy flits.

Meanwhile the Lord in His own temple sits,

And the Refiner tries the gold.

A FRAGMENT ON THE DEATH OF EVE.

Eve sat, her wintry tresses falling o'er
Sorrow's wan visage, like the snowy wreaths
O'er the dismantled birch on Oby's bank,
Hanging a soft and pensive loveliness.
Serene as Lapland winter, calm and fair
As dewy night, that o'er the azure arch
Walks stilly forth, the days wild fever o'er,
Studded with stars and coldly beautiful.

And she sat gazing on the silent moon
With eyes suffused with tears, that silent spoke
Peaceful communion, as when 'neath the lake
The fountain deeps are stirring, but scarce move
The glassy surface calm.

“ The little flower
Sleeps placidly beneath thy silvery gleam,
The crown-bent palm stands stirless ; tranquil
Moon,

I love thee more than that bright orb of day,
For thou art more like gentle hope, and joy
That stood so fair on his meridian tower,

To me shall rise no more. But often thus
When it is all like night around my soul,
Methinks I see those rocks that sleep in light
Beyond yon sylvan avenue ; yet still
Along the lengthening vista of dark years
I travel on and on, at each remove
Dropping whate'er was left of Paradise.
Winter is on my brow, and in my heart ;
Still nearer yet, methinks, and nearer still
I hear that unseen Thing that dwells in night
His coming in the wailing wind I hear ;
I hear him in the thunder ; with dark tread
Shaking the mountains, shuddering, breathless, cold
His icy hand I feel upon my heart ;
In sheeted lightning his form I see,
Glaring upon me. Nature then walks forth
Mournfully smiling thro' her shattered robes,
And puts on hues of Paradise ; the Moon
Is in the noonday heavens, serenely fair,
Looking upon the sunny earth, but yet
I see that dismal shape lurking behind,
Lifting the curtains from some silent realm,
The bodiless hand put forth from out the cloud.
Or art thou but a shadowy thing of night,
Leagued with the elements and Nature's ills
To pray unseen on being? Still I drag

The weary chain of life, like some wild weed
That lives and blooms around the wither'd trunk
Its own embrace hath blasted. Could but aught,
Long Prayer, and long Repentance' bitter tear,
Recall what once hath mounted on the wing
Of the fast fleeting hour ! Yet all in vain
E'en could time's ceaseless footsteps wear away
One stain, yet dark Corruption darker grows,
And round the Holy Altar wreaths its weeds
With subtle snaky wiles. But Thou wilt still
Receive our offerings, and from out Thy shrine
And all enfolding cloud Thy flame breaks forth,
Telling us Thou art near, in pity near.
I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, around
I feel for Thee, and find Thee not ; but wrapt
Within Thy cloud of wonders, as a veil,
Move darkling ; surely Thou art with us still,
Within us and around us, surely Thou
Art in these gleams that visit my sad heart,
When evil things of youth have o'er me come
Blending with dreams of age. I seem'd to rove
In happy groves o'erhung with golden fruits,
I ate, and found all ashy bitterness.
I dream'd of struggling in a mortal fray,
To save one from a deadly grasp, when, lo,
We seem'd all suddenly within the coil

Of a strange serpent, horrible, and huge,
We and our children. Then came sweet relief,
Methought I sat beside a silent tomb,
When the grave oped, and from the rending rock
There came One clad in an unearthly light,
And all behind was full of glorious forms.

Thus on the clouds that hid me gleams have come
From far, beyond the chambers of the Moon,
Beyond the dwelling of the Western wind
So beautiful at even. I have stood
Listening, at fall of night, and heard afar
Strains as in Eden bowers, till o'er me woke
A world of recollections, link by link,
Most melancholy ; then methought they sung
Of Him who comes to drive that fiery throng,
Where darkly gleams yon midnight dawn afar,
Unearthly sweetness ! then my heart o'errun
And Eden in the desert seem'd to bloom."

She ended, as one waken'd by the touch
Of soft heart-moving Pity : as what time
In veils of Heav'n-wrought woof Iris descends,
Fair messenger of mercy : fallen earth
Acknowledging the token with bright dew
And fragrant-breathing incense, greenly dight,
Looks tearfully to Heav'n, and grateful smiles.

WRITTEN IN 1826.

Spirit of gentleness,
Still would thy blameless soul in pity bleed
For those that wound thee! Peace be with thy
steps,
And earthly wrongs but wings that bear to Heav'n!
Spirit of gentleness, thou wast not made
To wrestle with an evil world, 'mid clash
Of Passion's steely mail, and the loud din
Of spirits framed in iron mould; but He
Who bid thee sojourn here, hath haply sent
To shew awhile in live reality,
The loveliness of natures train'd for Heav'n,
And fit thee by thine earthly pilgrimage
For thine enduring home. Spirits of Heav'n
Be with thee and around, while from the gall
Of this world's bitterness thy gentle soul
Shall gather sweetness. Still on Him that died
Thine eye shall dwell; thy feet may totter 'neath
Thy daily cross of sufferings, yet on Him,—
On that calm brow with death's cold damps be-
dew'd,—
That peaceful eye glazed with keen agony—

Thy soul shall feed ; till from the gate of death
Upon thy drooping soul it seem to smile
Unearthly peace and pardon ; then thy knees
Shall gather firmness, and thy gentle soul
Shall smile 'neath earthly wrongs. While year and
year

Roll o'er thee and roll from thee, each still wave
That hurries on the noiseless bark of life,
But bears thee onward to thy place of rest,
To be on Abraham's bosom with thy God.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

A little child
The morn of being round me breaking,
Like a glad vision fair and wild !
And I in a bright world awaking,
With trees and flowers all greenly dight,
And arch'd with roof of deep blue light,
Where to a golden cave remote
There rode a fiery Charioteer,
And then anon his pale compeer
Had launch'd her crescent boat !
Light as that arch's mantle blue,
The curtains from my soul withdrew,
E'en now as back my view I bear,
That dream—it seems strange hues to wear,
Like that unearthly sea displayed
In microscopes, as light and shade
Fleet through the mirror gathering rays,
And lighting all with silvery rays,
E'en now as in enchanter's glass,
To life's sweet orison
The darkly gleaming shadows pass,
While memory lifts her twilight Moon
In caves of dim Oblivion.

As o'er me woke that shadowy scene,
A little Spirit came to me,
And told me of a great Unseen,
That walked o'er that blue canopy.
Oh, 'twas a fearful mystery,
Around me, but unknown to sight,
Like light around the blind !
And should the blind man wake, and find
All he had done he did in light !
That great Unseen, all-seeing Eye,
Where'er I turn'd it seemed on me !

A cloud was o'er my childhood's dream,
I sat in solitude,
I know not how, I know not why,
But round my soul all drearily,
There was a silent shroud,
For with my sleep such terrors came,
Of rolling on a rolling billow,
With a wild storm for my pillow.
That Sun seemed hurrying to his tomb,
From which the Moon, in silent gloom,
Gliding in stole of ghastly light,
Came forth, and sat on throne of Night.
Then in my childish agony,
That little Spirit came to me,

And bade me rest on Him above,
That He unseen,
Did o'er me lean,
With far more than a parent's love.
Tho' tempests may the soul o'erwhelm,
Asleep or wake, through toil or trouble,
Tho' wild winds howl and waves redouble,
Day or night o'er ocean's breast,
That He would sit, and hold the helm,
To the Pavilion of His Rest!

Fled were the hues that were adorning,
The dews that hung upon Life's morning ;
Another scene was on my dream,
Around my path there was a gleam ;
A laughing boy,
And full of joy !
It was a joy that flush'd the cheek,
But not the joy, so mild and meek,
Which erst my earlier childhood knew,
In leaning thoughts of One above,
When even sorrow caught a hue
From plumes of the o'ershadowing Dove.
'Twas not the soul's serene moonlight,
But a meteor lamp down the arch of Night.
That little Spirit came no more,
Knocking at my heart's low door ;

Save when came pensive Solitude,
And wove around her peopled cloud ;
Thro' the dim lengthening avenue,
'Twas He—in distance seen—and low
Bending His averted brow.

I struggled with a crowd, and play'd,
'Twas chang'd—I sat on a hill's side^b,
Crown'd with an avenue of ancient shade,
A leafy colonnade ;
Methought some shadowing rock was nigh,
Its shade did on my soul abide ;
Till I had climb'd and sat on high,
Upon that “ Rock of Pride.”
The world it seem'd to wear bright eyes,
And cast them on me ; from my side
Wings seemed to spring, and I to rise ;
Oh, then my spirit sat apart,
And I was sick at heart,
Sick of a world with nought to win
To fill that urn within.

Then musing came, and care unholy ;
And pensive pining melancholy,
That listened to the distant lute,
When all around was mute :

^b Harrow on the hill.

Touch'd by her wand life's scenes to view,
Arose, but wore a Stygian hue.
I sat beside a ruined tower,
The bird had fled the leafless bower ;
I sought a home to memory dear,
The Ivy and the Owl were there :
The Rose was brushed by wintry wind,
But fading left a thorn behind.
Tho' love without his tendrils wound,
And built a flowery arbour round,
Within that little Spirit could not dwell,
For Pride was in his cell !

Around my soul there was a chain,
It passed, and I was free again.
A cup was at my lips, it pass'd,
As passes the wild desert blast.
Around me rose a wilderness,
And long I hung in deep distress,
I look'd around, I looked in vain,
That little Sprite came not again,
To the heart's lonely cell :
But as I gazed, oh then, instead
There rose Remorse, a shadow dread,
And in his arms I fell !

I woke, around me was a gloom,
And silence of the tomb.
But in that awful solitude,
That little Spirit by me stood,
But oh, how changed ! I raised my eye,
And saw One bleeding on a Tree ;
Oh, that sad sight I dare not brook,
That Eye—it seemed on me to look !
It was that great all-seeing Eye,
So meekly, so forgivingly,
From Death's dark gate in agony,
That Eye it seemed to look on Me !

SADNESS.

I could sit, and sit and weep,
O'er my heart's sorrow ;
My wounds in blood Thou bidd'st steep,
Thy mantle borrow.

If most forgiv'n could most love,
Sweet were my sadness,
I should be a wing'd dove,
And drink wells of gladness.

But thoughts sin hath bosom'd long,
Chains by mercy riven ;
They like birds of darkness throng,
They load thoughts of Heaven.

I could sit, and sit and weep
O'er my heart's sorrow;
But on Thine arm Thou bidd'st sleep,
And wait Thy Morrow.

RECOVERY.

Oh, there be some into this rude world sent
With gentle spirits woven delicate,
And ever leaning in weak languishment
On some poor stay, that withers 'neath their weight;
Or 'mid grey charnels, ruins desolate,
Hanging their purple summer, Heav'n's own dower
To grace corruption, wed their high-born fate
To weeds, vile weeds. Oh, bear us, blessed Power,
On Thy sustaining arm, and sweetly sheltering bower!

We cannot bear ourselves, cannot bear fruit,
Unless Thou bear us, when the soul on Thee,
On Thee doth stay herself, in Thee takes root,
Then gently borne to Heaven's forgiving eye,
She puts on golden fruits of Charity,
Wondering strange sweetness not her own to
borrow.

A fairer Earth succeeds, a fairer sky,
Nature with rainbow promise of the morrow,
Put on her sabbath hues and smiles of sacred sorrow.

And then the meek affections borne on high
Drink of ethereal air, and healthful grown
Put forth their blossom in a purer sky ;
Nature anew doth light her faded crown ;
And the poor soul not lonely, tho' alone,
Beneath her feels an all-sustaining hand,
All tenderly sustaining: chastenings own
A Father, and dark clouds that seem'd to stand,
In dews of freshness fall, and glad the weary land.

Is there aught sweet in gleams 'tween wintry cloud
Light'ning the storm's rent mantle? or in chord
Of gentle Music when the winds are loud?
Is there aught sweet in Friendship's parting word;
Or fall of Summer showers in stillness heard;
In moonlight beams with stormy seas that blend?
Is there aught sweet in song of lonely bird,
Singing 'tween showers, while Autumn gleams
descend?
'Tis that it speaks of Thee, our Father and our
Friend.

Thou art in the least flower that looks to heaven,
And art Thou not in that heart's inmost scroll
That leans on Thee, forgiving as forgiven,
Despised but not despising, while the soul

Doth man herself in growing self-controul,
From weakness felt in dungeons of dim Night
Gathering immortal sinew, to unroll
And nerve her wing to bear the mighty flight,
And cleanse her eye to stand the blaze of Heaven's
light?

Oh then, from the dark world, and worldly wile,
From many-worded strife, and tempest's wing,
Gently to steal 'neath Thy Parental Aisle!
Meek suffering Spouse of thine anointed King,
Pillaring strength, and fill'd with thoughts that
spring
In golden sweetness; while the monarch swain,
Thine own anointed Psalmist, wakes the string;
And ages back reecho to the strain,
Like rocks which hold the voice of their own
sounding main.

CONSOLATION.

Blest Author of our better birth,
Methinks I have no wish on earth,
But Thee to love, and do Thy will,
Yet sin is with me still,
In action prone to seek the feebler part,
As streams the fountain speak, so action speaks the
heart.

'Mid wounded friends when yesternight
I seem'd to see, in streaming light,
Thy Hand 'mid clouds and shades between,
In showers of blessing seen,
Remorse behind was telling o'er her fears,
And 'neath a smiling eye the soul was full of tears.

Thus have I seen the mountain Wye
Steal from his alder canopy,
To bask awhile in sunny vales
His silver-glittering scales,
The dimpled surface caught the living gleam,
Then sought the shades again a cold and sombre
stream.

The bark all-wing to harbour hies ;

The beast to woodland covert flies ;

The dove to home by summer sea ;

But where shall sinner flee ?

The wayward child with shame and grief opprest,—

His head where shall he hide, but in a Parent's breast ?

“ Ye heavy-laden, come to me ! ”

Ne'er voice that set a captive free,—

Ne'er watery breeze on Arab sand,—

Ne'er Sun on Arctic strand,—

Ne'er native strain to heart of exile stole,

So sweet as those blest words to heavy-laden soul.

Dear words ! still let me read you o'er,

And on each Heav'nly accent pore ;

“ Come unto me,” ye grief-opprest !

Dear words on you I rest,

Henceforth I bow unto Thy chastening rod,

And turn to Thy dread Cross, my Saviour and my God !

REPOSE.

Oh, let me not distrust Thee more !
While wearily we onward press,
Still Thy Love flies our Fears before,
And meets us at each turn to bless:
Sad fancies cower with boding wing
Before, or clouds their shadow fling,
But at each turn 'tis Thou art there,
In azure sky and landscape fair.

The rose-bud trusts the zephyr's wing,
And doth unfold her tender bloom ;
The painted insect trusts the spring,
And doth unfurl her pictured plume.
The lark doth not do morning wrong,
But doth unbosom all her song ;
Thy love like light around us glows,
But we 'gainst Thee our bosoms close.

The star doth climb Heav'n's crystal stair,
To fill his grateful lamp with light ;
Earth feeds in fields of lucid air,
And giveth back in verdure bright ;

The Sun at fountain of Thy beams
Doth draw, and with life-giving streams ;
We live in th' ocean of Thy love,
But Thee distrusting barren prove.

Still thro' our prison-house dark Fear
Looks, mocking at our destinies ;
And whispers in the sea-boy's ear
Of howling winds, and shipwreck cries ;
He opes his eyes on summer sky,
The water-whirlwind passes by ;
His home expands her quiet shore,
He smiles at what he fear'd before.

Distrustful Fear, the child of guilt,
He brings to fancy's brooding eye,
The year's full urn in waters spilt,
Or clos'd by dewless iron sky ;
Thou op'st Thine hand with promis'd store,
And the full year is flowing o'er
With glad and golden plenteousness ;—
We drink, the Fount forget to bless.

The shades are varying while time's chain
Unravels, and life's day-light sinks,
Thy Love doth still unchang'd remain ;
I have a home where Memory drinks

Fresh thoughts, thro' fever'd scenes I range,
And find on all there is a change,
Still Ocean's bow is bended there,
Between the hills so blue and fair.

There is a change upon that home,
But there doth Memory still repair ;
Time's footsteps as they go and come,
A balmy freshness seem to wear ;
Each bird which there is fleeting by,
Seems moving in a fairer sky,
And the rude mountains which stand around,
They seem to me enchanted ground.

The Spirit's home is Thy dear love,
And all our changeful destiny,
In that Thy love doth sweetly move,
In th' house where Thou hast deign'd to be.
'Tis Love that makes the valley bright,
Love turns to pearls of silver light
Those sails on Ocean's mantle blue,
Love sheds o'er all a heavenly hue.

THE STILL NIGHT.

The sounds of distant Ocean
Which come upon the night;
And scarce perceived emotion
Of fir-trees bathed in light.

The fitful dropping fountain,
From dingle deep below,
With the listening mountain
That seems the soul to know.

The peacock's wild wood-holla,
Woke by the owl from far,
And dog that seems to follow
The moon with clouds at war.

These sounds for joy or sadness
No longer are their own,
But as remorse or gladness
Is speaking in their tone.

For Conscience's deep choices,
Do unto them belong,
And Memory's hundred voices
Have learnt a spirit's tongue.

SICKNESS.

Blest sickness, with thy silent chain,
And intervals of pain,
Sitting in thy still corridor,
We seem to Heaven's calm shore
Brought near ; and your sweet thoughts of peace
Seem gales from lands where sorrows cease,
And Hope hath nought to crave.

And pains that shake this shed of clay—
Stern searchers of decay !
Full welcome are the thoughts ye bring,
To seek a sheltering wing,
Until be past life's tyranny ;
And of a frame from suffering free,
Whose cradle is the grave.

And deep heart-crossings, sternly kind,
Like leaves on Autumn's wind,
My hopes have gone to make their bed,
By your keen breathing shed.
I watch them die, and not unblest
Turn to the winter of my rest,
Beside Death's silent cave.

Then what if I no love can own
To mark my going down,
If I may sit by sun of light,
Bidding the world good night ;
And while calm thoughts my soul engage,
Look from my evening hermitage,
Upon the stormy wave—

Like the pale star of evening mild ;
What if nor friend, nor child,
To watch my bed? less intervene
To hide that Friend unseen,
'Neath whose enfolding wing at last
The shadowy valley must be past,
In pity strong to save.

Most favour'd they beneath the Heav'n
To whom Christ's pledge is given—
“Blest are the mourners ; whom I love
With sorrow I reprove.”
High heritage, to share the pain
With Thee, with Thee the blessing gain,
Steel'd the rude world to brave !

Teach me to know no worldly choice,
Save in Thee to rejoice,

And in Thy beams on others shewn;
They so become mine own,
Till joying in Thy love's sweet shower,
I make their gladness mine own dower,
In all Thy goodness gave.

So evil shall to me be good,
And my heart's solitude
Best company; my music meet
Shall be the winds that beat
My crazy hut, and the rude storm,
The robe that wraps my Saviour's form,
Walking upon the wave.

WALK TO THE SEA.

The flowers upon the mountain's side
Like lonely spirits dwell,
Where beauty finds a place to hide
In many a secret cell.

And now the wild variety
Of sea-weeds on the shore,
And shells of glorious ancestry,
Old Ocean's beauteous floor.

There came in these a healing sense,
To thoughts of my despair ;
A living and felt evidence
Of sweet protecting care.

If thus His presence stands confest
In shell, and flower, and stone.
To Him each want within my breast,
And every pain is known.

And now I feel me strong again,
To join your living songs ;
All animate, thou vocal main,
With never resting tongues.

And ye that stand in gloom profound,
Like sentry of the strand,
Ye everlasting hills around,
A bold fraternal band.

And she that from her silver boat
Leans o'er the summer sea,
The moon, takes up the glorious note
In quiet majesty.

The moon, the mountains, and the sea,
Are in Thy sheltering hand;
But they are all no more to Thee
Than pebbles on the strand.

And though a sea of voices rise
Throughout the boundless sky,
Thou hear'st the inexpressed cries
Of one as mean as I.

AN EVENING SCENE.

A gleam breaks on the mountains here and there ;
The sea is one dark mass of molten lead,
But o'er it in the clouds a bar of red ;
In whose wild distance opes a silver sphere
Of skies and waters, where in vision clear
A vessel seems on fairy-land to tread ;
The valley 'neath our feet in evening spread
Dark-green and dewy freshness seems to wear,
Thick-set with golden fields, and hanging woods
Stretch'd to the hills. Thus would I life pourtray
When Evening shall go forth in solemn weeds ;—
East-ward on childhood's mountains sleeps the ray ;
Sea-ward are fancy's silver solitudes ;
Below times measured out in fruitful deeds ;
These are the harvests of eternal seeds ;
All else are things of God to cheer our stay.

EXPRESSIONS OF A LITTLE GIRL.

Oh, now 'tis many many a day,
Since when my brother went away,
And I'm expecting him alway ;
 Why comes he not, oh, tell me why?

His little chair, 'twas yesterday,
I put beside me in my play,
I love him so with me to stay,
 And then I think he's sitting by.

When I'm asleep and dreams do see,
Then little boys do play with me,
Oh, do not ask me who they be,
 I wake, and all alone am I.

I this bright morning have been out,
And seen the lambs play all about,
But I do cry at their glad rout,
 Once with them played dear —— and I.

Be kind to little —— they said,
Because that his poor father's dead,
Does that mean where dear —— is fled?
 If so, then I should like to die.

You say that I have still a brother,
And I do love him, but, O mother,
My mother, is it not another?

That is the reason why I cry.

FAREWELL TO THE WATERFALL.

Roar again, thou sounding waterfall,
Ever moving, yet the same !
By thee on the mountain side
Echo sits, a ghostly bride ;
And below in glassy calm
Her sister Shadow hath her hall ;
Where the skies 'tween rocks are seen,
Bosom'd in the waters green,
The restless Naiad at thy feet,
Finds her out a cradle meet.

Haste along, thou sounding waterfall,
In dread nature bear thy part !
Thus a voice in holier mood
Sounds to us in solitude ;
And its echo in the heart
The listening spirit doth appal ;
And the calm and deepening sky
On the secret bosom lie :
When on the rude world we are thrown,
The image and the voice are gone.

Speed away, thou sounding waterfall,
 May thy voice on me abide,
Gladdening the stern mountain throng,
 And the woodlands with thy song.
In thy twilight shades aside
To me a beckoning hand doth call,
I have many a field to cherish,
Little flower that else may perish,
The drooping herb and dying willow,
Ere I reach my ocean pillow.

DEPARTING.

When first between me and my home
The mountain barriers come,
And Evening sets her gloomy bars,
And lights her house of stars ;
Then those I love are doubly dear,
And ills I've done are doubly sad,
I seem in silent sphere,
'Mid faces darkness-clad—
And life a mist of hurrying years,
Regrets and sighs and tears.

I seem all waken'd from the stream
Of an empassion'd dream,
Wherein we wrought our destinies
'Mid clouds of rolling seas :
It seems th' unravelling of life's scroll ;
What thoughts within that chain are bound ?
If ought doth wound the soul
'Tis that we others wound,—
Where shall I flee, and hide, and weep ?
'Tis but on Calv'ry's steep !

Sighs there become the wings of Prayer,
Till Gilead all is there :
Heart-searching Lord, did we but know
Weight of each other's woe,
We fain would make that burden less !
Tho' gleams upon the surface lie,
Each hath his bitterness,
A dark and hidden sea,
Which thought of man could ne'er illumine,
But there walks Thy deep moon.

Thy light alone can search the deeps
Where silent sorrow weeps,
(A Nereid in her watery lair,
With sea-weed-braided hair,)
'Mid ruin'd hopes, wreck'd by the wind
She woo'd, when on glad waters borne,
Sailing for some bright Ind.—
Each day that hath not worn
The robe which fell from Thee of yore,
Adds to Repentance' store.

EVENING BELLS.

Ye joys of my youth
Where are ye gone?
For those falling sweet bells
Seem to sing your farewells.

By some antique pile
Visitings sweet,
Like a dream have ye flown,
Left me sitting alone !

Lonely and weary
What shall I do?
I will make me my bed,
And go sleep with you dead.

Little ones gone,
Happy are ye,
For your sleep is so still,
While sin's cup we but fill.

With a dying fall
Thoughts o'er me come,
Yet in better hope clad,
In my sadness I'm glad.

Streaks of the morning
Gone all away !
I love evening's soft light
More than all ye so bright.

For gleamings that come,
Thro' th' evening door,
From a far better place,
Fall on sorrow's meek face.

Then signs of decay
Welcome to you
If ye bind to Love's shore,
Whence I wander no more.

Then joys of my youth
Well are ye gone,
And those falling sweet bells
They may ring out your knells !

RETURNING.

Ye rocky desolations, and dark heights,
And voice of watery solitudes afar
That break on Nature's stillness, where she sits
Girt with her mountain battlements, or sports
Unseen your winding haunts and caves among,
Flinging beneath the steep her robe of green !
Here, where amid her unstirr'd sabbath sits
Grim Loneliness, and silence sternly woos,
Ye seem like relics of some other world,
In your forlorn and naked majesty
Darkly reposing ; and the kindly shrub
Struggles in vain to clothe your jagged sides,
Save where scarce seen upon yon jutting brow,
Proud of its towering solitudes, a tree
Gathering its hold on perpendicular crags
Stands in the moonlight, looking down from high.

Ye solemn mountains, where old memories dwell,
And Childhood's thoughts, again to you I come,
And in your tranquil bosom seek repose,
But unto me ye bear no longer mine !—
They in their quiet sleep their sacred sleep,
Where never sound shall ever reach them more,—
Save that at which we all again shall meet !

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF MORAY, ST. PETER'S DAY,
1838.

Nothing of earthly mould must linger here,
Lest it should mar the comings on of sleep,
And break that solemn stillness, grave and deep,
Where God and His good Angels draw more near,
And that small Voice is heard, which mortal ear
Cannot discern. Slumber the hour doth steep,
And Heav'n is opening. Let no eye to weep,
Nor fleshly tongue be there, nor ear to hear
Divine Communion! Spirits of the good,
Come round him on the Heav'n-descended stair!
Martyrs and Fathers old, and Saints be there!
He of the ancient wisdom, good and true,
From th' Eucharistic springs hath drunk with you^c:
But here on earth it is but solitude.

^c There is an extract from his work on the Eucharist in the
Tracts for the Times, No. 81.

THE BEREAVED CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

Is there no remnant left? hath the cold wind
Of pitiless Persecution left you bare?
Oft from the passing storm the aspen spare
His whitening mantle doth around him bind,
The silvery birch hath his meek arms reclined ;
But when calm eve returns again are fair,
Lifting their green heads to the mountain air.
Is there no holy remnant yet behind?
Ancient of Mothers, thou, when yet a child,
Didst shun proud walls and Pharisaic pride,
For Nazareth's lone moors and mountains wild,
Making thy home with humble fishermen,
And hadst not where thy holy head to hide ;
On Caledonia's mountains wake again !

ST. DAVID'S.

Our own Menevia now deserted lies,
Of those forsaken whom her bounty fed ;
No longer now the pilgrim thither led,
Drinks heart-ennobling thoughts, but there descries
Her falling walls forlorn, until his eyes
Gush out with water, where her form half-dead
Forth from her mountains stands, as if to plead
Her sacred cause unto the sea and skies.
Her brows they bind with weeds of heresy,
And my lone spirit fain would hope of thee,
Thou wear'st unblam'd thy Master's crown of thorns,
Good Caledonian Angel ; but again
The yearning feels of her parental chain,
Turns to her country, and in secret mourns.

THE SAME.

Dear are her mountains wild, and stern, and free ;
And dear the sound of their descending streams ;
And dear on them the summer's glittering beams ;
And dear the woods on which the shadows flee ;
And dear her valleys opening to the sea ;
And dear those seas where parting Evening gleams ;
In absence dear your image haunts my dreams,
And after absence dearer still to see.

But where are now your pure Baptismal springs,
Whence flows the stream which all our freedom
 brings ?

Where is the Altar prized in holy eyes,
And waited on by white-robed Sanctities ?
Where low-bow'd Reverence tending sacred things ?
These thoughts of you to me in sadness rise.

The Riber's Bank.



The River's Bank.

A YOUTHFUL WISH.

If I could sing of Thee alone,
And be a poet all Thine own,
Then I would wish to have a lyre,
 Thence wake celestial fire,
That might make me to be all Thine,
Turning my earth-bow'd heart to musings all Divine.

Then I in thoughts of things above,
Of Goodness, Mercy, Truth, and Love,
Would bask in th' Ocean of bright beams
 Which from Thy Godhead streams,
Till I should fill my little urn
With a Seraphic light, and in Thee feebly burn.

And then o'er all things here below,
That little urn of light would throw
A halo of celestial rays,
 Till we in sounds of praise
Should hear o'er the rude noise of earth,
A rising Seraph voice, and calm Cherubic mirth.

THE BANKS IN SUMMER.

Thou who hast lovely built o'er all
This bright and blue o'er-arching hall,
And spread abroad beneath our feet
 This verdant carpet sweet,
 Studded with leafy tuft and hill,
And threaded with the beads of many a purly rill.

Thou on the soul, which Thou hast made,
Who hast a bright expansion laid,
Eternity shed o'er its birth,
 Like Heav'n encircling earth;
Set wild flowers o'er our ruin'd seat,
And many a home-found joy for weary pilgrims meet.

Sure Thou would'st have us gather thence
The holier mirth of innocence,
And soar on these Thy works so fair,
 As on a golden stair,
To Thee, and where Thy dwelling lies,
O'er yon deep molten glass, and crystal canopies.

Thy Sun with glowing beams doth spread
The azure dome above our head,
And gives around our feet to be
 A verdant tapestry,
In him they all do live and move,
In him the fresh'ning fount and sparkling waters rove.

Sun of the soul, 'tis Thou alone,
And beams encircling Thy dread throne,
That lights the spirit's sky and earth,
 That lights his home and hearth ;
The palace of eternity
Thou walk'st,—Thyself the life of all that cannot die.

THE BANKS IN AUTUMN.

Oh, now I see what beauties lay
O'er Summer's close,
And Autumn's calm betrothing with Decay,
With her last dying rose,
Sweeter than Spring.

'Tis that upon Consumption's cheek,
Blooming, though pale,
Out of some brighter world doth gently break,
And whisper a sweet tale
Of better things.

A calm awaiting seems to be
O'er leaf and wave ;
A calm undressing, all so silently,
For calmness of the grave,
Unrepining.

'Tis thus when, all its wanderings past,
On the still tide
The bark doth hang its idle sail at last.
And, like a shadow, glide
Into its rest.

The noiseless brook its banks along
Winds like a lake,
Save stilly heard a rippling under-song,
Whose passing eddies make
Silence more still.

If haply o'er the listening trees
Wanders a sound,
It seems a voice come from the distant seas,
Upon a message bound
Inland and far.

Upon the dread and dim serene,
Each thought that breaks,
And every breath that stirs the quiet scene,
A mighty Being speaks,
Whom we await.

Such is the awful calm they learn
Beneath Thy cross
Who fain would sit, looking for Thy return,
And count the world but loss
Thy love to gain.

A NOVEMBER SCENE.

O'er the bleak wold the dun autumnal sky
Hangs darkling ; far where Eve's ethereal clime
With showering darkness streams, the soul and eye
Get wings, and parley with the dread sublime.

It must not be—such thoughts but tempt the soul
To dizzy crags that look on vacancy,
And tamper with the Infinite, Control
Dropping the rein of her blest mastery.

But rather let me look where yonder breaks
The fragment of a rainbow—o'er yon hill
Eastward, 'mid the wild troop of shadows, flakes
Of glory, where the storm doth darkly fill,

Sleep calmly. All the Heav'ns are moving on,
And Earth doth need each lighter gleam to borrow,
To dress her calm awaiting, and anon
Count the bright pearls on th' Ethiop brow of sorrow.

For our true Sun behind yon vapoury screen
Hath gone to build his chambers, in a light
Which ever and anon, the clouds between,
Breaks forth upon the face of coming night.

The lark is lowly housed, and, from beyond
Yon whitening willow, sounds at interval
The solitary sheep-bell ; while their wand
Sunshine and Shadow *seem* to wave o'er all

Heedless below ; yet not so, One e'en now
Doth both in sun and shadow sweetly move,
And from these chequer'd scenes builds a bright
 bow
For holy hope, a prison-house of love.

'Tis Thou who tunest all things, if the soul
Be but subdued untō its lowly prison,
(Gathering from fitful changes self-control,)
Till she discerns that gentle orison

That bindeth all things in the solemn swell
Of mystic union, then the wandering breeze
O'er the lone pine, (like that deep-echoing shell,
Which learns the voice of its own parent seas,)

Shall be her music ; Autumn's manlier throat,
Shadow and Storm, bluff Winter's harbingers,
Sweetly shall blend with Summer's milder note,
Until the chasten'd heart serenely hears

Within that lowly chaunt a strain divine,
Which echoes back th' angelic harps on high,
Singing the great High-Priest, who at his shrine
Hath wedded all in holiest harmony.

For there is that within us, heavenly sown,
That gladdeneth in afflictions, and doth find
Sweetness in sorrow, and when Summer's crown
Turns to the yellow leaf, and the rude wind

Takes up its annual tale of stern decay,
Turns inward, and there finds that sleepless eye,
And secret deep beholding, 'mid the day
Forgotten, yet albeit ever nigh.

That Presence which to feel alone is life,
And harmony, and peace, and holy joy,
A fount within the soul with healing rife,
Turning to love each weary sad employ.

ABSENCE.

Busy Fear, unbidden guest,
To the eye of solitude,
Holding thy discolour'd glass,
Where the loved and absent pass,
Pale and wan, in sickly mood,
Black enchanter, let me rest !

Shall we then distrust our God,
And thus sit and sigh forlorn,
While about, beneath, unseen,
Comes Thy mighty hand between,
Bearing us from morn to morn,—
And with healing in Thy rod ?

Oft when Sorrow did appear
Up Life's glade, like some dark cell,
Lit within with precious things,
Shedding peaceful welcomings,
Was calm Peace's hidden well,
It was good to linger there.

At our side, the sad to own,
Art Thou still ! there doth prolong
Thro' Thy works to sorrow's ear,
If the soul be tuned to hear,
A sweet solemn undersong
That doth speak of Thee alone.

What is all the world counts loss,
Sickness, want, or widowhood?
Dark ways leading to the cell
Where Thy heav'nly comforts dwell,
And her arms meek Quietude
Folds, beneath Thy beaming Cross.

THOUGHTS AGAINST WEARINESS.

A chain is on my weary heart,
And I cannot look to Thee ;
 But in each effort still
 To do Thy holy will,
Thy strength and mercy hath a part,
And Thy right hand of victory.

We stand upon a mighty stair
Still day by day unfolded,
 From darkness and the cloud,
 From mortal eye that shroud
The eternal palaces so fair,
In gold and beauty moulded.

Through a twilight cave before
A Form His cross is bearing,
 Each day that from us steals
 For us a step reveals,
Where He the bleeding burden bore
To morrow disappearing.

A golden scale is hung aloof,
Here pride of earth declining,
Sinks, like the day from Heav'n,
To darksome gates of Even.
This mounts upon the Eternal roof
With stars of glory shining.

The Spirit, that with Wisdom's child
Dwells in each faint endeavour,
(Though spurn'd returning still,
Like that fabled Sybil,)
That house not made with hands must build,
Where dwells the soul for ever.

THE ANALOGY.

“ Though but a partial answer to the question, ‘ How we came to be placed in this state?’ yet it is a more satisfactory answer to another, which is of real and of the utmost importance to us to have answered—the inquiry, ‘ What is our business here?’ ” Part I. ch. v.

Butler, in lowliness divinely strong,
To whom the mighty key of Faith was given,
And Wisdom took behind the struggling throng,

And shew’d afar the golden stair of Heaven,
Muffled with clouds! with thee, methinks, I see
The mists recede, and, ’tween the darkness riven,

Uplifted Nature, wed with Piety,
Looking to Him that died. With dark unrest
A fiend came on my tongue, “ And can it be?

“ And is this all for slippery steps to rest?”
“ Who talks of rest where all around is motion?”
Replied an angel voice within the breast.

“ Go, talk of rest unto the rolling ocean,
To stars of Heav'n, unto the wandering breeze,
And cataract's choral voice of wild devotion !

All motion, all mutation, herbs and trees ;
All living, Earth and Heav'n ! And who art thou ?
On wheel of rolling summers, while at ease

Thou seest the banks recede behind Life's prow,
Beneath thy keel is the great shoreless billow,
Around thy soul is the eternal Now.

Sit not and weep 'neath Exile's shadowing willow,
But gather strength with strength, and light with
light,
Nor take wild ocean for thy resting pillow.

'Tis not enough for rest, but on—and write
' Blessed are they that faint not.' Heed not guile
Of Wisdom's folly, nor inquire of Night

Where she hath hid the Sun ; content awhile
Amid dun shadows, and Night's darkling noon,
To walk with the Moon's lamp, and hail each
smile

From her dim house of clouds, and thou full soon
Shalt come to light of the Eternal City,
That needeth neither Sun nor wintry Moon.

O haste, for Time is on the wing, and Pity
Doth stretch her arms to thee, and holy Love,
And Nature sings aloud her changeful ditty."

That Spirit spoke ; methought I look'd above ;
And then from 'neath my feet, all fearfully,
The world—the big round world—it seem'd to move.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

“ We consider persons as present, not only when they are within reach of our senses, but also when we are assured by any other means that they are within such a nearness. . . . And must He, who is so much more intimately with us, that *in Him we live, and move, and have our being*, be thought too distant to be the object of our affections ?” *Bp. Butler's Sermons on the Love of God.*

When a much-lov'd friend is nigh,
And we sit silently,
That silence is not solitude,
All things put on a social mood.

When we know that home is near,
And fill'd with inmates dear,
Home thoughts are hanging on each tree,
And people the dun vacancy.

The day when Jesus rose
Doth a brighter morn disclose,
All conscious of the Sabbath ray,
The very birds keep holiday.

Did we thus feel at our side
The Friend who for us died,
The world with love would clothed be,
And wear a glad philosophy.

Prayer is the holy gate
To the chamber of Thy state,
Which nearer and more near to Thee
Leadeth us—everlastingly.

A WAKING THOUGHT.

O'er the dark mountain,
Where the houseless shepherds roam ;
By the lone fountain,
Where the wild bee hath her home ;

To the desert strand,
Where the crown-bent palm-tree cowers ;
To moon-lit Lapland,
By the Geyser's watery towers ;

'Neath halls of ocean,
'Mid the rocks and glassy cells ;
Caves aye in motion,
Where the wondrous sea-snake dwells ;

On the white billow,
With the wild sea-bird at play ;
'Neath a grey willow,
With a dappled hind at bay.

Scenes out of number,
With her own bright night and day,
From chains of slumber
Where the spirit bursts away.

Born soon to sunder
The fleshly bars of earth,
And dwell in wonder
With the God who gave her birth.

AN ORPHAN CHILD.

Half hidden in its stony tower,
A woodland strawberry bloom'd alone,
And bore to Heav'n its little dower,
Unseen, unknown.

An orphan bird on a lone tree
Sat singing to the star of even,
Its song it seem'd so cheerfully
Of one in Heaven.

'Neath clouds that wrapt its early morning,
I saw a gentle blue-eyed child,
With hopes of Heav'n its nest adorning,
It sweetly smiled.

A CHILD TWO YEARS OLD.

Where have you been, my blue-eyed elf?
Ransacking all Nature's pelf,
To dress out that little self?
 Those locks so fine!
You stole them from the silk-worm's shelf,
 All his gold mine.

For lips you robb'd the vermil's dyes,
Those eyes you stole from summer skies,
That laughing sprite that 'neath them lies,
 Beyond bright even;
That innocence of your blue eyes
 You brought from Heaven.

Sure they are come from some bright sphere,
Where there is Spring throughout the year,
Its music still is on your ear,
 A shadowy beam,
A spell that weaves o'er all things here
 A golden dream.

And while with you so merrily,
With your blue eyes I seem to see
O'er all around a gladsome glee,
 No care obtruding,
On bird and flower strange revelry
 And glory brooding.

Then let them laugh, my Lady blue,
At the hours I spend with you,
Oh, happy, happy, were it true,
 That all my days
Had been no worse than those with you,
 And your sweet ways!

My bonny blue-eyed Cherub thing,
A Cherub—had you but its wing—
But then, I know, away you'd spring
 With all your gladness,
Nor soil your sweet apparelling
 With sin and sadness.

What shall I call you? My bright gem—
Best jewel on Love's diadem—
A bud of Heav'n on Life's poor stem—
 A blue-eyed flower—
Star peeping thro' Night's blue-robed hem—
 Beauty's own dower?

Oh no! you are—the little Bess,
A little spirit sent to bless
All about you—no more—no less—
 A pledge of love,
In casket of rich loveliness,
 From One above.

What are you crying, Lady dear?
You've left His breast, but do not fear,
Your Heav'nly Father—He is here,
 Oh, do not spurn,
Wash'd with His blood His woes to bear,
 And then return.

THE CURE FOR REGRET.

When tearful Absence sits alone,
Then deeds unkindly done,
Woke by the stillness, come and cower
Round Memory's ivied tower.
(Oh, 'tis the bird of saddest wing,
In Sorrow's twilight hovering !)

Shall wounded spirit find relief
From such a sacred grief?
It is alone within Thy breast,
Dear God of peace and rest,
Bidding us leave with Thee the past,
If but our love may onward last !

It is with her whose holy form,
From colours of the storm
Made a bright mantle, on that hill
Sitting where all is still,
Save where dark shrouded forms draw nigh,
Mid the dread gloom of Calvary.

Yea, I have cast about my net,
And tried all waters ; set
To find sweet thoughts, but, like the Moon
'Neath waters seen at noon,
Peace shews below her gleaming face,
But is not in the world's embrace.

Yet if aright attuned the heart,
In all she hath a part,
On tuft and tree is dewy light,
Though round us it be night ;
And stars look forth from out the skies,
To tell His love till day arise.

HEAVENLY SIGNS.

“ He answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say,
It will be fair weather : for the sky is red. And in the morning,
It will be foul weather to-day : for the sky is red and lowring.”
St. Matthew xvi. 2, 3.

Oh, ask no sign from Heav'n ; ye know full well
All Nature's stops and changes, and from far
Each note prelusive from her unseen cell,
Of sunshine or of storm the harbinger ;
And all that speaks in comings on
Of Evening, when the western Sun
Is seen in beauty on the sea and sky,
With the Moon's silver boat in silence launching by.

Then from some pine-tree top a lonely hern
Looks forth ; and from afar are stilly heard
Steps of the storm, in acquiescence stern,
Retiring ; fitful sounds of nestling bird ;
And Echo, from her mountain cave,
Faint whispering to the drowsy wave ;
Then Hope, 'mid darkening shadows not unblest,
Wrapping her mantle round, resigns herself to rest.

And can ye not perceive streaks that illume
This world of sorrow, and a milder sky,
(Which speaks a fairer morn beyond the tomb,)
In gentleness and mercy kindling nigh?
Have ye no heart, no ear, no eye,
The glowing footsteps to descry,
Where, 'mid this earth, a Holy One hath trod,
'Mid things of man despis'd, the better things of God?

Have ye not seen Him? as that eye He rais'd,
Beneath the guise of loveless poverty,
One who hath gazing heard, and hearing gazed,
Hath seen a more than Angel Majesty.
And from behind her secret screen,
Where shrouded Conscience sat unseen,
She found an ear that heard the unspoken word,
And an unwonted eye, still fear'd when not ador'd.

Have ye not seen Him, where the poor have throng'd—
The lisping infant on his sacred arm?
That look hath not to mortal-born belong'd;
But on your eyes there is a blinding charm,
Which Satan more and more doth lay
Upon the heart that will not pray:
Earth's cherish'd toys grow on the longing eye,
And thence shut out the worlds that fill the mighty
sky.

Oh, ask no sign from Heav'n ; catch but one note
From Nature's lyre ; from mount to listening vale,
What undiscerned sounds thus dimly float ?
Still does she utter one unvaried tale,—
That man is trembling, borne at will
Upon the verge of good and ill ;
Yet tells she not why daily doth she give
The guiltless Lamb to die for guilty man to live.

Still doth he live, still spared, still loved in vain ;
Yea, her appointed time the stork descries
In Heav'n ; and, faithful to her guide, the crane
Follows an unseen hand o'er pathless skies ;
The stranger swallows come and go
At Nature's beck ; the ox doth know
His owner. Thou in thine own ways dost dwell
Apart ; and Me thou wilt not know, Mine Israel.

Go, ask of Nature ; to the pensive ear
She whispers,—often widow'd souls, forlorn,
Have felt One at their side in mercy near,
Though they of fellow-men have been the scorn :
Yea, surely as God sits on high,
In wondrous meekness He is nigh ;
'Mid paths of lowly pity to be found,
And not where pride of earth and passion doth
abound.

Yea, now He comes, as summer sunset mild,
And Peace, 'mid parting storms and clouds of even,
Hath look'd from her calm hermitage, and smil'd:
This is no time for sign in rended Heaven.
There is a time when lowering sky
And clouds shall speak His coming nigh ;
When rended Heav'ns, stars falling, mountains
torn,
Shall usher in the wheels of the eternal Morn.

WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD.

Little child, upon thy bier,
There is a solitary tear ;
 But that tear is not thy mother's.
And by thine open grave is seen
Another little cell of green ;
 A lowly grave—but not a brother's.

Little child, thy days are past,
And none was painless but the last ;
 Unwatch'd but by a stranger's eye :
Yet through thy little days of pain,
Thou hast not lived and died in vain,
 Though seeming only born to die.

Little child, when thou shalt stand
Upon thy Saviour's blest right hand,
 And all is mute but charity ;
Oh then, the Angel bands among,
That tear shall find a trumpet's tongue,
 And plead for one that lov'd thee.

“USE NOT VAIN REPETITIONS.”

When thou on bended knees thy soul dost pour
By secret door,
Think thou art let into Heav'n's palace hall
At His dear call,
Where Cherubin and Seraphin do stand
On either hand,
And on the silence of that Angel choir
And pausing lyre,
Thy feeble voice before the eternal throne
Is heard alone.
Thus thou in prayer to Heav'n's door shalt draw near
In holy fear,
For thus thy words, thro' veils which Christ hath riv'n,
Do sound in Heav'n.

But when earth's weight the wing of Prayer doth hold
And love grows cold,
Think, He who holds the stars within His hand,
Like countless sand,
Is lowly laid within a manger wild,
A helpless child,
While howling winter sings his lullaby
Dark hurrying by.

Think,that as now thy heav'nward thoughts grow faint
With sorrow's plaint,
He shews His dying wounds and pleads thy suit
While Heav'n is mute.
So Fear and Love may clothe thine offerings
With Angel wings.

SELF-DENIAL.

It were a lover's dream,
To shew in hardihood,
What on his secret thoughts doth gleam,
Sweetly in solitude.

The darker grows the din,
And dangers round her set,
The brighter burns the gem within
Ambition's coronet.

Were our love but the same,
To joy in sacrifice,
We like an angel on the flame ^a
Might mount unto the skies.

Counting our life for loss,
Would we but love our rod,
And render up each hourly cross,
Unto our King and God.

^a Judges xiii. 20.

Low is the door of prayer,
But found in chastening Lent,
That spell which holds with chains so rare
The o'erhanging firmament.

Our God hath built His throne
In secret, ever nigh,
And they who self disrobe alone
His Presence can descry.

CHRISTMAS.

Where is the cradle meet
For the Eternal Child?
It is within that sacred seat,
The lowly heart with sorrow reconciled.

We ask no vernal bud,
Nor summer flow'ret wild,
Stern winter 'neath her rugged hood
Hath seen her Lord, and patiently hath smiled.

Christmas, when all things wear
The glare of earthly glee,
Not gladliest then the heart doth hear
The chime of thy sweet calm festivity.

But when life's joys have gone,
With sere and yellow leaf,
The winter of the mind doth own
Balm of all wounds, Creation's blest relief.

THE PENITENT.

There was one sold his patrimony
A dear-bought dower,
That had come down from high
In a golden shower,
It was a loss that gold could never mend
The heart-blood of a Friend.
From out the world's dark den he came aside
A monster for the sun to see,
All hideous soil'd with foulest leprosy,
And he sat down upon the grass, and cried,

“ Is there no fountain that can wash again,
Has earth or Heav'n no spell,
Is there no talisman, no golden chain,
Can lift me up with life to dwell?”

There is a tree a lonesome vale doth fence,
That vale is penitence,
That tree 'tis said is daily dropping blood,
More holy than Archangel's food.

There is a fount where holy men do say,
 He that doth look for aye,
He shall become like that he doth behold,
 Borrowing a light more pure than gold.
There is a glass whereon he that doth bend,
 Shall see pourtrayed the Heav'n,
Till he forget what earth hath best to lend,
In the sweet hope that he may be forgiven.

FAITH.

When conscience grieves for what is past,
May I on Thee my burden cast,
Resolved in Thee to do my best,
 Resigned to leave the rest
With Thee—and so contented be
With what Thou thinkest best for me.

Resolved that I my part fulfil
In what I know to be thy will,
Resigned in that I will rejoice
 Which is in Thy dear choice,
If Thou wilt only in Thy love
Prepare me for Thy house above.

If this were but my constant heart,
That Faith in me would have a part
Which can the mountains set afar
 Which our obedience bar ;
By me—in me Thy will be done,
So shall I the glad way of Thy commandments run.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

I thank Thee I am not mine own,
But have to live in Thee alone,
Each passing day, each passing hour,
 To live in Thy great power,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
'Tis all Thine hand, Thine orderings.

'Tis blest to breathe in Thy sure love—
On Thee—in Thee to live and move—
'Tis blest each day to still live on
 In Thy sustaining Son—
Whate'er may come, it is all Thine,
To love Thee and obey be mine.

Onward still—and on I go
Rejoicing—be it wind or snow,
Sunshine or shadow—Thou the way
 Marshallest—may I obey :
Receive this offering which I bring,
'Tis Thou that givest me to sing.

“ LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.”

Now of those words the force I see,
Oh, “ keep me from Temptation free,”
And tho’ the wily self within
Hath been in parley seen
With treacherous foes that round me steal,
Yet it is good their force to feel.

When thoughts of weakness me appal,
To whom temptation is to fall,
I wish for wings to some safe nest
To flee—and be at rest^b,
That I may scape the stormy wind,
And never-dying worm behind.

Yet better trembling thus to go,
That we may more our weakness know ;
Then come, sweet Psalmist, to my breast,
In “ better soul confest ;”
In God I trust, then why should I
Like bird unto the mountain fly^c ?

^b Ps. lv. 6.

^c Ps. xi. 1.

I walk on hidden flames—but Thou
Orderest my goings—and I bow,
But tremble—Oh by these my tears,
And agonizing fears,
Take up the shield and buckler, still
Guard Thou and keep my soul from ill !

REMORSE ALLEVIATED.

Unschool'd affections, strong and wild,
Have been my playmates from a child,
And strengthening in the breast unseen
 Poison'd the fount within,
That might have aye flowed calm and clear,
From the deep sea of Love that doth our life endear.

And now my heart is growing cold,
And I am half way to be old,
A holier love must I make sure,
 More gentle and more pure ;
Alas, how much to heavenly ways
Is lost, to him who sleeps the morning of his days!

But better now begun, tho' late,
Ere yet the heart be desolate ;
In him who only sits to sigh,
 That love shall droop and die ;
Who on the path of duty run,
Shall fan that dying torch into a golden sun.

“ Who keep my words my love shall learn,”
Jesu, 'tis now to Thee I turn,
With all my work to be begun,
 So feebly is it done ;
The cloud on evening's welkin climbs,
So grows in many an alp the mountain of my crimes.

It is indeed a gloom of clouds,
And all the light of comfort shrouds ;
My soul will I in sorrow steep,
 In secret sit, and weep
Those stains away, in freshening dew,
That so that cloud may fall, that sun break forth anew.

A yellow gleam falls on the wood,
A bird sings in the solitude,—
That bird—it seems to sing to me
 Of better things to be,
Night comes,—but see, on yon dark pile
The sun hath lit a chair where Hope may sit and
 smile

ILLNESS OF ABSENT FRIENDS.

If earth hath sorrow sore,
It is when those are pining whom we love ;
Each Duty spurn'd before
Knocks loud at the heart's door,
And every Love that slept but wakens to reprove.

But warm'd at sacred fire,
Kindled by grief, letters come forth to life
Unseen before, and stir
Into live character
The lineaments of forms with holy teaching rife.

Here is that suppliant one
Of Canaan, now half-hid, now forward stealing ;
Here watching o'er his son
The helm'd centurion ;
Here Lazarus' sister meek in tranquil patience
kneeling.

In kindred grief made dear,
That suppliant band I join, in sadness bold,
Oh, art Thou now less near
In sorrow or in fear,
Or dost Thou love us less than Thou didst them of old?

THE RETROSPECT.

So runneth o'er my cup,
That if I think thereon my heart will break,
My eyes are full of tears, I cannot speak,
But unto Thee look up.

My cup hath long run o'er
With blessings crown'd, many and multiplied,
And daily, from the fount of Love supplied,
On thankless me they pour.

Parental bearings kind,
And tenderest leadings of Thy gentle care,
From wildering ways to pastures calm and fair,
Serener thoughts of mind.

Evils which turn'd to good,
And wishings cross'd, which I have seen full soon,
Had led to th' house of sorrow, and Thy boon
Of better things withstood.

Occasions lost, which seem'd
To go in anger, but came back and smil'd,
And seem'd to me in pity reconcil'd,
So better strength I deem'd.

With solitude to cope,
And sweet disseverings from worldly wealth,
That I might go down to my grave in stealth,
Not without peaceful hope.

Spared kindred, friendship's best,
And such as e'en to think of were alone
A hive for wintry hours, tho' they were gone,
And they too not unblest.

And these thus numberless
Only that I might on 'Thy bosom rest,
And in Thee be resigned to be blest,
Sole Fount of Blessedness !

For these all nothing are
Without Thee, like the stars by night which shine,
They only by reflection are divine,
But in Thee doubly dear.

A SUMMER EVENING.

The Moon is in her azure tower,
Like the Heav'n's bright eye,
The nightingale beneath her bower
Singing joyfully.

There is that o'er Earth and Heaven,
And the cloudless gate of even,
Tells the tenants of this ball,
Tho' around them be a thrall,
They are something more than all
That they seem to be.

These foldings up of daylight speak
Something to be done,
And voices all around us break
Of a parting Sun.

Mortal, tho' around thy path
Death and sickness speak of wrath,
There are gleams of brighter proof
Mingling 'neath the solemn woof—
But yon pilgrim down Heaven's roof
To the goal hath run.

ANOTHER.

It is a sacred calm,
Nature looks forth from the eye of closing day,
And on heart-feverish mortals strives to lay
Her sweet and holy balm.

The moon behind the scene
Hath climb'd, and gazes on the shaded hill,
Terraced with varying woods, so wildly still,
And dark green spots between.

Silence might here her nest
Build undisturb'd—save waters stilly heard
At interval, and solitary bird
Singing herself to rest.

She stops—and still she sings,
And sings, O shame in such a scene
To think that storm is stirring now in men,
And gathering evil wings.

But truce to thoughts so drear,
'Twere treason against Nature's sacred smile,
Thou fiend of sly Rebellion, drop awhile
Thy mask—come and look here.

Sweet lesson here imprest,
Calm as the skies deep in the waters laid,
That Thou would'st have us walk 'neath Death's dim
shade,
Not cheerless or unblest.

But e'en from Nature's store
Gain happier thoughts our better hope to dress,
And in subdued and silent lowliness
Lean on Thee—more and more.

THE OMNIPRESENT FRIEND.

Night's solitudes were hung on high,
The thought that One was walking nigh,
Came like the music of the sphere;
The sea-bird anchor'd without fear,
And weary men were in their sea-borne nest,
All 'mid the dread immense seem'd slumbering on
His breast.

At social hearth, where Love's meek balm
Was tempering with a holier calm
The mortal joy that wakes the tear—
'Twas Cana's Guest was sitting there;
And at the bed of widow'd eld rever'd,
I saw One sitting by, and seeing Him I fear'd.

If but content with Thee to be,
More near than mortal eye can see,
More near than mortal ear can hear,
Should we for ever feel Thee near;—
But bow'd to earthly schemes we wander on,
Till raised on high we start to find ourselves alone.

Thus stray'd to some rock-crowning sod,
By nothing but the sunbeam trod,
Some heifer sees the evening close,
And to the herdsman tells her woes,
Calls from afar, and doubts not of His aid;
Happy ere all too late who find that they have stray'd!

EVIL OUT OF GOOD.

O heavenly Love, thy beaming look
Hath sternest shapes with beauty dight,
And oft relieved the darksome nook,
With neighbourhood of fairer light,
Till e'en each harsh and ruder sound
Into thy melodies is bound,
So blended hope with cries of want,
That all may have a place in the celestial chaunt.

Thus have I seen in sabler tress,
A spirit that would all behold
In garbs of its own heaviness,
So set 'mid minds of sweeter mould,
That on its darkness there were thrown
The thoughts of gladness not its own,
Like cypress dress'd with sunny dew,
Or crown'd with trailing flowers a dark unsmiling
yew.

Thus have I seen to deeds of blame

One hurried on by towering thought,
Till brought down to the door of shame,

In his own net the Watcher caught,
Till drooping 'neath Remorse's thrall,
He all his verdant leaves let fall—

They wither'd, all around him spread,
Have cherish'd his lorn rest, and dress'd his wintry
bed.

Thus have I seen a temper wild

In yokes of strong affection bound,
Unto a spirit meek and mild,

Till chains of good were on him found.
He struggling with his deep distress,
As in some dream of loneliness,

Hath found it was an angel guest,
While round him leaned the stars from crystal cars
at rest.

And thus from earthly hopes decay'd,

Purer affections rise to Heaven,
As when a sylvan bird hath laid

In hollow trunk, by lightning shriven,
Some berry wild—the wither'd root
Sees springing forth a foreign shoot,

And o'er her wave a fairer stem,
With graceful tapering bower and coral diadem.

As if some Angel hither sent
Turn'd clouds to a bright crystal pile,
Had train'd sweet flowers o'er Nature's rent,
And taught her ruggedness to smile ;
That we might learn from birds of air,
Their lesson sweet of peace to share ;
If we will flee beneath His wing,
Assur'd that every ill shall its own comfort bring.

Why need I fear when Night may come,
If it will bring its Moon and Star ;
Or what to me is Sorrow's gloom,
If it will shew me worlds afar ?
May we but keep a constant mood,
Thus changeless thro' vicissitude,
Till in the strength of holy love,
We see things in the light in which they're seen
above.

HOLY COMMUNION.

O Saviour, from Thy bleeding fount of woes,
Thy Cup of Love o'erflows ;—
Not to me only these Thy dews,
Which life and health diffuse,
But unto mine in distance found,
May this blest tide abound,
Which creeps to roots of desert flowers half-dead,
Woke by the touch they live, and bow the thankful
head.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

When clouds awoke by Sorrow's wand,
Come o'er the soul in heaviness,
Sweet is the thought of Heav'n beyond,
A cave of holy quietness;
Like day beneath the waters seen,
Hous'd in a deep and blue serene,
A strange unearthly deep repose,
'Mid hanging rocks all calmly laid,
But touch'd not by their dark'ning shade,
The towers of Heaven beyond Earth's woes.

When things once fairest fade and fail,
And Autumn winds of ruin sing;
Then Fancy takes her soothing tale,
Of scenes beyond the whirlwind's wing.
Such as the optic lights disclose
Within the bosom of the rose,
Bedrop'd with silvery glistenings,
Where shadowings oft come and go,
From dim alightings to and fro
Of angels shaking balmy wings.

When troubles thick our path beset,
'Tis the Dove's wing and nest afar ;
When foes and dangers have us met,
A calm beyond the sounds of war ;
When winds assail our flound'ring bark,
It is the thought of God's own Ark ;
When God's own Ark is foes opprest,
It is a safe and quiet shore,
Where wicked men can vex no more,
And where the weary are at rest.

Where'er our sleepless sides we turn,
That hope's the balm for varied woe ;
Where'er our earthly fancies burn,
It blends with them its living glow ;
As light which in the house of eve
Doth its celestial colouring weave
With vapours, which from earth abound :
A hope beyond all earth's compare,
Tho' dress'd by all its colours fair,
Like Heaven's blue deeps that close us round.

O worse than folly still to sigh,
And fill the ever-aching breast
With idols of this lower sky,
Forgetful of our place of rest ;

The earnest given and promise sure,
The strength thro' weakness pledg'd secure ;
And leave that better hope so fair,
 To be but like a passing ray,
 Which, by some weary traveller's way,
Plays on a gleaming sepulchre.

O blessed Lord ! the thought of Thee,
 When clouds our fairer visions mar ;
When we are not where we would be,
 And dearest friends are set afar ;
The thought that 'tis Thy ruling will—
The thought that Thou art with us still,
Nearer than ear or eye can know,
 Art with us still in life or death,
 In blooming life or failing breath—
'Tis all of Heav'n we need below.

The gleams which come on Autumn's wood,
 The Moon that from her silver boat
Looks out at noon in solitude—
 Wing'd flocks in evening sky that float—
The Sun that springs from dying Night,
And shoots her thro' with shafts of light,
Into her breast again to fall—
 Soon shall we bid you all adieu,

Shapes ever fading, ever new,
Which people Nature's earthly ball.

The winning guileless fantasies
Of little children round our feet ;
The thoughts of age by suffering wise,
Listening to sounds by distance sweet;—
And things divine that hidden lie
In silver shrines of poesy ;
Glad meetings after tearful woes,
Like dews of night with rays of morn,
And all the joys of suffering born,
To you in cloud my eyelids close,

To open on another scene—

It is the dread reality,
To which all sights that yet have been,
The earth and sea, the stars and sky,
Are but a shadowy land of sleep,
Where day and night their sentry keep
Around that great eternal seat.

From out this mighty womb of things,
Tried and found meet, by heavenly springs
May we awake at Jesus' feet !

THE BANKS REVISITED.

The sound of wind on a dry barren moor—
A river stealing from a woodland nook
Around a winding pasture—on the shore
A solitary sea-bird—a lone book

In some wild cottage by the casement seen,
Saintly, and fill'd with lore of olden times—
A cataract whitening in the deep ravine
Around a rock—the distant evening chimes—

The watery gale, that in the window sings
His melancholy music,—choral sounds
Along cathedral roofs borne on sweet wings—
A wither'd tree on youth's enchanted grounds;—

Such things to me do make to overflow
Fountains of recollection which lie deep;
Wonderfully are we made, nor aught we know
Of what we are, or shall be after sleep.

Fearfully are we made, launch'd to the wind
On shoreless sea of Being ; from within
A thousand echoes call to us, behind
Voices we thought were gone, but sleep unseen ;

Merciful Saviour ! let me cling to Thee, oh ! not
In the wild haunts of feeling, but in ways
Of self-abasement, which have not forgot
Washing Thy children's feet ; our dull hearts raise

To seek Thee, all things speak of what is gone
Or going,—down the unheeding stream we sail,
And at each turn, behold some ruin lone
On summer slopes, or the autumnal vale,

In tearful recollection stretching far
Our eager hands, as evening sunbeams steal
From fading landscapes, while the billowy car
Bears on, and Ocean's sounds are 'neath the keel.

The Sacred City.

The Sacred City.

THE SACRED CITY.

No natural grace hast thou thine own to call,
But an assemblage of majestic towers
Lifting their varied shapes o'er verdant bowers,—
And fairest lights from Heav'n, oft seen to fall
On neighbouring hill, tall spire, or hoary hall,
Kindling its greyness with a silver shower,
Touch'd by whose charm and strange transforming
power,

The stranger lingers, while some mouldering wall
Comes forth in beauty. No fell spoiler's hand,
Can rob thee of that crown of golden rays,
Looking to Heav'n from an apostate land !
City of Peace, let others speak thy praise,
Be ours to hold to thy parental hand,
And venerate and love thine ancient ways !

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

As when a hillock of defiling earth,
Let slip from an o'erhanging eminence,
Into the bosom of a clear blue flood
Comes falling, the pent current on each side
Labours for outlet, and o'erflowing rills
Are lost, in fen and reed untraceable.
But, far above, gathering its own deep strength,
Between the rocks an undefiled stream
Forth issues, rolling clear its watery ranks;
While the broad bed of the descending flood,
With dark discolourings and miry weeds,
Bears on its forward passage to the sea.

Thus when the infatuate Council, named of Trent,
Clogg'd up the Catholic course of the true Faith,
Troubling the stream of pure antiquity,
And the wide channel in its bosom took
Crude novelties, scarce known as that of old;
Then many a schism overleaped the banks,
Genevese, Lutheran, Scotch diversities.
Our Church, though straiten'd sore 'tween craggy
walls,
Kept her true course, unchanging and the same;
Known by that ancient clearness, pure and free,
With which she sprung from 'neath the throne of God.

“ LORD, TO WHOM SHALL WE GO ? ”

Lift up thy voice, and cry aloud,
For, lo, the stern Avenger is at hand,
And at the door doth stand !
I am a man of heart unclean, and bound
In shame and sadness on the silent ground,
Where shadows of a coming vengeance flit
O'er the devoted city, mute I sit,
And darkest stain on me is found,
I cannot cry aloud.

Let brother call to brother, hence
Unto the mountains,—from his tower so lone,
“ The watchman hurries down ! ”
They have together gone with itching ear
After strange teachers, the self-chosen seer,
And shrines of Bethel ; while in earth-bow'd trance
They build to Mammon, and his reign advance,
Nor heed the cross, the nails, the spear.
Man cannot call to man.

Let the Priest lift his voice, for, hark,
The everlasting hills their strength unbar,
The whirlwind sounds afar !

He hath forgot his warrant, to his eyes
In dread Baptismal founts the virtue dies ;
I rom week to week no Eucharistic calls ;
From day to day sits Silence in these walls,
Mourning neglected litanies.
How can he lift his voice ?

Mitred Apostle, where art thou ?
Doth he unread the writing ? doth he stand
With the dread key in hand
In palace hall ? hath he his title borne
From them to whom the adored Name is scorn ?
Hath he from walls whereon he sentry kept,
Gone into Mammon's city, and there slept ?
And is his lock of strength all shorn ?
Can he not cry aloud ?

Our crown'd Defender —— ! ah, alas !
While the wheels hasten on that dreadful morn,
In noiseless silence borne,
We are all mute with shame, and hang the
head ;
Lord, at Thy shrine let us lie down, and plead
That holy blood once more, O help us now !
Like watery streams to cherish or o'erthrow,
Men's reckless spirits Thou dost lead,
King's hearts are in Thy hand.

ECCLESIA MIGRATURA.

Hor. Epod. xvi. l. 39. "Vos quibus est virtus," to the end,
paraphrased.

Hence with unmanly plaint, and weak dismay,
Fleet by the ill-fated shores, ye that are found
Still faithful, us vast Ocean calls away,
Flowing blest isles and happy fields around !

Earth's doom of toil ne'er reach'd that peaceful shore ;
There the true Vine needs not the Pruner's care^a ;
Nor His own olive can deceive Him more^b ;
Nor fig-tree ever found unfruitful there^c.

But streams of honey flow, which cannot cloy :
From everlasting hills the living well
In gladness springs ; and flocks, without annoy,
By waters still with their own Shepherd dwell.

No evening foe can prowl that fold around
With watchful circuitings,—nor faithless prove
With hidden vipers the o'er-teeming ground,—
More shall we there admire, admiring love,

^a St. John xv. 2.

^b Rom. xi.

^c St. Matt. xxi. 19.

For ever happy—how no watery wind
Can come our better hopes and us between ;
Nor sun to grain it foster'd prove unkind ;
But all is tempered to a glad serene

By the King's countenance : no armed band
Hath e'er come near to vex that quiet shore,
Nor ought polluted ever touch'd the strand :
No toil of restless man could e'er explore

Aught of that bliss, nor thought on venturous sail ;
There ne'er been heard poor Nature's suffering cry,
From flocks contagion-struck, or 'neath hot gale
And starry influence breathing piteously.

Such seats the Father laid up for the good,
What time the golden bloom, which had its part
In blissful Eden, turn'd to hardihood
Of brazen front, and thence to iron heart,

Of these our latter days, most sad of all,
Spurning a better love ! Oh, sad to see,
And yet foretold of yore^d ! my warning call
Hear ye, and to the Ark of Refuge flee !

^d St. Matt. xxiv. 37.

THE ARK OF CHRIST'S CHURCH.

What though winds and waves assail thee,
What though foes in scorn bewail thee,
 Heaven-bound Ark of Liberty ;
'Mid the sheeted lightning's glare,
'Mid the thunder's cloudy lair,
Where dark waves meet lurid air,
 Shalt thou breast the stormy sea !

Thy true course shall ne'er deceive thee,
Thy tried Helmsman never leave thee,---
 Onward while the world shall last.
Star within the tempest's shroud,
Bow to bind the thunder-cloud,
Music soft when winds are loud,
 His sure word is on the blast.

Where the Monsoon's wing is folding ;
Where the Moon her court is holding
 'Mid stern Winter's palaces ;
Where Ohio rolls his pride ;
There thy faithful dove hath hied,
And hath sought thy sheltering side,
 With th' immortal branch of peace.

By His dying promise given,
By thy harbour in the Heaven,
 Let the wild winds tell their tale ;
By the hearts in His command,
By the gales hid in His hand,
Onward ! to that silent strand,
 Lift aloft the solemn sail !

Clouds afar thy course are bounding,
Yet the light thy sails surrounding,
 Marks a path in gloom for thee.
Onward ! leave the weary world,
Every venturous reef unfurl'd,
High and bright thy pennon curl'd,
 Heaven-bound Ark of Liberty !

FEAR AND LOVE.

I. 1.

Thou that sitt'st in sable stole,
In the light that's in the soul,
Beyond where lictor hath his reign,
With his axe and with his chain,

O holy Fear !

Fled from where the wild world's glare
Gilds the palace of despair,
To thy throne would I draw near,
And thy temples calm and clear ;
Where 'neath thy feet, in pensive mood,
Silence sits with Solitude ;
And the Virtues all appear
In the solemn gloom that's there,
Earthly tho' they seem and dim,
Like to veiled Seraphim.

2.

Star that liftest up thy light,
In the house of this our night,
Come from where the circles glow
All around my Saviour's brow,

O holy Love !

Hide me 'neath the angel wing
Of thy bright enveloping.
All around, beneath, above,
Lights and sounds in darkness move ;
If thy music be within,
I will fear no earthly din,
While thro' the dark I walk and sing,
Him who is my God and King ;
And within a Father's name
Hide my head in tearful shame.

3.

As the star within the cloud
Fairer for that silver shroud ;
Rainbows in the darkest storm
Lovelier set their glowing form ;
As the beryl in the mine
Brightest doth in darkness shine ;
As the Joy we sweetest hail
Which comes wrapt in Sorrow's veil ;
Thus Love and Fear together dwell,
In the enfoldings of one shell,
Like two spirits of the seas,
Moulding mystic harmonies.

II. 1.

Fear in the wisdom come from Thee,
Beholds a Hand man cannot see;
Amid his crimes it holds the rein,
Laying an unseen chain;
They swell themselves to mountains in their war,
And lash'd by Passion's gale,
Lift up their shining heads, but o'er Thy bar
Cannot prevail.

2.

Love thro' the darksome avenue,
Doth ope beyond a sea of blue;
Her breast won back her froward child,
That played on summits wild;
And when the sadder dream on his unrest
Its gleaming shadow flings,
Scared at the sight, unto his parent's breast
He closer clings.

3.

When April clouds on Heav'n's blue walls are
piled,
The bird most sweetly sings;
Fear led the outcast to the Arabian wild,
But Love reveal'd the springs,

Where Nature's living cup,
Emboss'd with ivy crown and lichen green,
Is ever springing up ;
By man forgot it slumbereth not ;
But still, unsought for and unseen,
In their own quiet home the fountains move,
Which spring from 'neath the throne of aye-enduring
Love.

III. 1.

But when the cup is full, or on the morn
Of some glad promise, Fancy on the scene
Pours rays from all her urn, Hope winds his horn,
Thy judgments walk unseen.
Then I will hold me in Thy Fear ;
He who would not think Thee near,—
When Success had fill'd his sail,
Like some demon in the gale,
And the waters gaily shone
On the smiling summer noon,
Beneath the calm were thunders strown,—
He went in silence down.

2.

But when the voice is still,—the cup o'erthrown,—
In desolated halls the harp lies broken,—

Faith in the dark horizon coming down,
Descries no gleaming token—
When Affection's myrtle wreath
Shows a budding yew beneath :
Or Grief 'neath the church-yard tree
Sits, or by th' o'er-clouded sea,
Thence shaking light from off his wings,
Hope on silver sandal springs,—
A boat is seen—a guiding star—
And isles that gleam afar.

3.

Then while this azure hall I hold,
By cloud and sunshine built of old,
Thus may ye both be aye with me,
And clothe me with humility.
So may I live a weaned child,
And pass this ill world undefiled :
And if the praise of man I hear,
Then will I hide me in Thy *fear* :
When his reproof my heart would shake,
Thy *love* will I my refuge make.

IDEAL ANTICIPATIONS.

“ Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.” 1 *Cor.* ii. 9.

Deep in the caves of mind,
Beyond where thought hath birth,
A form of heavenly beauty is enshrin'd :
Amid its shadows here on earth,
And all throughout Art's weary reach,
Wherever Sense can teach,
In every nook around our house of pain,
For something fair we seek, but seek for it in vain.

Though wrecks of Eden's grace,
And gleanings dimly bright,
Nature hath stored in her own hiding-place,
And half reveals to human sight ;
With her light wand, if Fancy flies
Before the ear and eyes,
Within her glass there is a fairer syke,
And dim and dun the lights of cold reality.

Or when the dark blue hall
With stars is lighted up,
Full of strange eyes ; and haply one o'er all
So beautiful, that Fancy's cup
Runs o'er ; still all that is beheld
Speaks more left unreveal'd ;
As when in woodland haunts and alleys green,
Behind each rock and tree, flies Nature's fairy queen.

And some, in marble mould,
Have toil'd with form and mien
That unpourtrayed image to unfold,
And named some fabled thing unseen—
Something they know not, yet would love,
Apollo, Pallas, Jove—
Then turn away ; 'tis in the bosom pent,
And all that art can do is vain and impotent.

And some with tuneful shell,
And all th' enchanting beat
Of sounds made musical, have sought full well,
With wreathed phrase and windings sweet,
And images most manifold,
The unearthly grace to mould ;
As when good Homer pour'd his soul in song,
And Spenser wander'd forth in magic fancy strong ;—

In wonder's twilight porch,
And spirit-haunted ground,
'Mid shapes and shades lit by his wizard torch,
He sought for something yet unfound:
Behind the veil a form hath stood,
For ever fair and good ;
More than his soul had known, or spirit sung,
Led by th' enchantress Hope her fairy haunts among.

Yea, what is human love,
When her impassion'd sense
Makes all in earth below, and heav'n above,
To speak her own deep eloquence,
Till they obsequious homage pay
Unto a thing of clay ?
'Tis that she borrows from that ray within,
And thence a halo weaves around a child of sin.

Vain soul, where dost thou run,
Wander'd from thine own place,
In which obedience held thee round thy Sun ?
Thy clue regain, thy thread retrace,
Ere the gate close for evermore,
For dark and low the door !
Ah me ! is this the door, and this the way ?
Alas ! I tremble sore ; let us kneel down and pray.

To calmer thoughts 'tis giv'n
That image to descry,
Most lovely, yet unloved ; the veil is riv'n
If cleans'd by prayer the earth dimm'd-eye,
Embosom'd in celestial light
Far in the womb of night ;
And we may aye approach Him, till we see
Unharm'd, and Faith be lost in boundless Charity.

As one that turns away
From grave or death-bed dear,
Buoyed by a manlier sorrow, through life's day
That cherish'd form in heart to bear,
Till all things done for that dear sake
Shall of that love partake ;
So may we watch Thy steps, till, unproved,
We too may drink Thy light, and love as we are loved.

O blessed and calm Hope,
May I in thee grow bold,
In thee of all affections hold the scope,
And the soul's anchor, and behold
In thee, as in some watery well,
The eternal citadel ;
While to thy breast no ruffling gales draw near,
Nor earth-born clouds come o'er to dim that vision
clear.

Then hence, ye thoughts of praise,
Suggesting visions vain,
And ye heart-stealing schemes, with syren ways,
'Tis ye that lay on prayer the chain !
Ye hopes that cling to earth, come home !
Ye lead the soul to roam,
And clothe with wings, till, all her wanderings o'er,
She sits at home and sighs to find that she is poor.

But, locks of blending grey,
And thoughts that haunt the wind
Which comes to bear Summer's last leaf away,
Wrecks and decays which Fancy bind,
Full welcome are the hopes ye bring ;
By your sweet odorous wing
Near we, refresh'd, to happier shores, and strive,
As we would live, to pray,—and as we pray, to live !

Through the dim vale of life,
Thus walk'd the good of old ;
E'er thus unharm'd, 'mid scenes of worldly strife,
'Mid kindred, home, and pastoral fold,
With scrip and staff in hand appear,
Like some girt traveller ;
Firm fix'd the pilgrim eye, and yearning still
For some calm spot of rest beyond Eve's gleaming hill.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

I.

Spring's fountain cup
Is bubbling up,
My spirit sings,
And I have wings,
Torch of Heav'n in mid air
Shakes his golden hair,
In shadowy land
I see a hand,
"Come away!"
I obey,
Exile on a foreign strand.

II.

Go and look on silver sea!
It is like a lake of green,
Or a snake in summer sheen
Sleeping placidly;
Set the sail!
Odorous breezes come to me,

Tell me where your island lies,
'Neath the lid of summer's eyes,
Where Joy without his wings is seen,
And Peace at rest,
May dress her nest,
Lift the sail
To the gale!
Not that I would love to roam,
But this place is not my home.

III.

Silent wind,
In what cave
Art thou reclin'd,
Or upon some opening rose
In repose?
What is this that doth becalm
The moveless wave,—
Amphitrite all asleep,
In blue chambers deep?
Gentle Spring,
With touch so bland
Of thy wand,
Thou stirr'st the soul to feel her wing,
Till she beats against the cage
Of her iron hermitage,

And her bosom bleeds ;
Then most she feels her chain and fleshly
 weeds,
And 'mid all nature's stirring leaves,
She sits and grieves.

IV.

Autumn, what is that so bare,
Stripping off thine auburn hair ?
Why at me thus take thy stand ?
Wind piping loud
From out thy cloud
Doth unfold
Thee stern and old !
What is that within Thy hand ?

Autumn. " 'Tis a spade
A grave hath made."
What are those that lie behind thee ?

Autumn. " Fetters which I bring to bind thee."
O Friend most kind,
I like thee not,
Go again to where the wind
Is busy on the thatched cot,
And jumps anon from straw-rent eaves
To play with troops of wither'd leaves.

V.

Autumn. " I come to break thy prison bars
Which here I bury,
That thou may'st hie thee to the stars
Of earth so weary !
Chains of decay I bring to bind,
To let go thy mind,
Clouds and gloom profound
To my car are bound,
That thou may'st thy spirit bow
To thy chains,
And remember what is now,
And what remains !"

VI.

Wind away, and leave the sail,
I would be alone !
Spring away with fragrant gale
And flowing zone,
Borne upon thine azure chair
By zephyrs fair !
Thoughts penitential, sternly kind,
Upon the hollow-sounding wind,
That blows aside Autumn's lank hair,
And shews his forehead bare,

Come to me !
I would be
With thoughts that must with silence dwell,
And solitude ;
Dress my abode,
And with me dwell !
Ye become my hermit cell,
And crazy shed,
Till Autumn hath scoop'd out my bed,
Thoughts that may most seemly be
While the watcher stands,
With axe and lifted hands,
And looks at me,—
A barren tree.

VII.

Go and look upon the sea,
It is all like moving mail,
Leaden panoply,
A field with thunder's sown.
Gather in the sail,
And listen for the gale,
I would be alone !
What is that in coming storm ?
It is meek Mercy's form
Stretching out her arms from out a crystal throne.

And afar from murky shroud
There streams a silver cloud!
O shadows of things true!
Lord, Thy Judgment's coming on,
And I have much to be undone,
And much to do !

THE ADVENT.

“ In my flesh shall I see God ; whom I shall see for myself,
and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.” *Job xix.*

Mortal eye shall see Thee soon,
Ear shall hear Thee ! it may light
In the calm of summer noon,
Or in silence of the night,
When Thy glory from afar shall be known,
As beneath Thy feet the sky,
Bends her crystal canopy,
Seen in terror's panoply,
Coming down.

As on the stricken lyre
When th' unnumber'd trembling goes,
Or the flood of morning fires
Breaks upon the night's repose,
The Universe shall rise at Thy coming !
When the Sun shall make his bed,
Moon and stars shall shake with dread,
And th' Archangel, at whose tread
Earth shall ring,

Shall descend with a shout !
I, in flesh, shall stand and see
Countless multitudes throughout,
Thy full countenance on me !
'Mid innumerable hosts on each one,
As in grains on glittering beach,
As in waves in ocean's reach,
With his full-orb'd eye in each
Shines the Sun !

Again, as Man below,
Though for justice armed, yet
O'er Thee love's celestial bow,
Like a radiant glory set,
Encompassing the terrors of Thy throne,—
As beside Thy tomb of yore,
Or by Galilean shore,
In the form that dies no more,
Seen and known.

As caught from Bethany,
In a cloud of glowing sheen ;
As on the right hand on high,
By the dying Stephen seen,
Binding in Infinity to a span !
As when girt with golden zone,
As when on the cloudy throne,

By Thy loved disciple known,
Son of Man !

O thought, to spirit frail
Soothing sweet, when tremblingly
Death withdraws th' eternal veil,
And th' Accuser standeth by,
In pitying flesh to see Thee, Form benign !
Form the failing hand may hold,
And the sinking eye behold,
Seen again, as then of old,
Yet Divine!

Not as on Sinai's height,
Nor with Glory's withering glance,
But to our weak mortal sight
Tempering Thy full radiance,
That we may to our weakness welcome Thee ;
To Thy searching, healing eye,
Lo, beneath Thy feet I lie ;
Lord, a sinful man am I,
Stay with me !

Hope's lamp that lit the way,
Faith the pilgrim's staff shall fail,
With her mantle on that day
Love shall stand, Love shall prevail.

Then let Love Thy knowledge gain even now ;
Where the lowest place is found,
Mercy's hand, or Sorrow's wound,
Where chaste thoughts with prayer abound,
There art Thou !

“ IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH.”

I.

O Vanity, O vanity, O vanity !
Amid the dead that man should be,
And yet forget he hath to die,

O vanity !

Thousand generations sleep
All about us, but we creep
'Mid their shadows to the moon,
All forgetful,—ah ! too soon !—
We converse hold with learned shelves,
And make companions, but themselves—
Where are they now ? but all and one
To the everlasting city gone.—
Where are they of whom we read ?
What means that word, the dead ?

O vanity !

We talk of friends, the good and great,
Who from the crowd lift up their state,
Anon between still busily
Will come the thought, “ but where is he ? ”
We seem to walk night's stillness deep,
Alone awake, while thousands sleep.

II.

O vanity, O vanity, O vanity !

I saw one wring his hands and cry,

O vanity !

That we should live among the dead, and then forget
to die,

O vanity !

We seem to walk night's stillness deep,

Alone awake, while thousands sleep ;

But they around, about, beneath,

Quickened by th' Archangel's breath,

Shall more wakeful be than we,

And we amid that company

Shall cry no more,

O vanity, O vanity, O vanity,

On the stable shore !

Unreal phantoms of a dream,

We are not what we seem,

Let me go,

Unstable show,

All amid the stillness deep

'Tis we that sleep,

And they that wake, with thousand eyes

Looking on us with surprise,

That we should ourselves beguile.

Let me rub my eyes awhile,

For I dream,
Where am I ?
O vanity,
We are not what we deem,
These sins that hold my heart in thrall,
They more real are than all.

TIME.

O Time, beside thy flowing, flowing river,
 I sit, and cull these flowers,
But they are all of thee, and ere I thank the Giver,
 Are faded and not ours,
Thou flowing on, still flowing on—flowing on for ever.

Morn's glorious characters scarce are we spelling,
 Just creeping from the breast,
When we look out on the night and stars of glory
 telling,
And turn unto our rest,
And in endless labyrinth of Heaven or Hell are
 dwelling.

Too late! too late! too late! no more ascending!
 Without the door! no gleam!
Could'st thou not have one hour watch'd? never—
 never ending!
Oh, oh, 'twas but a dream,
I wake, and with life's Angel kind I am still
 contending.

THE RESPITE.

Swifter than arrow's flight,
Or ray of winged light,
Prayer passes through Heaven's azure door,
No sooner said than it is answered,
Sent from a heart resign'd and poor.
The roof of Hell is triple brass,
That so no Prayer can pass.

The tear in secret shed,
On pining sorrow's bed,
Is like the dew aris'n from earth,
Drawn up above by the great Sun of love,
To fall and bless its place of birth.
The ground of Hell's a fiery strand,
No dew in that bad land.

On penitence's gloom
A curtain here doth come
With silvery lamps that shall endure,
And bright hues won from the descended Sun,
Such are meek thoughts, serene and pure.
On Hell's horizon of black night
No streak of distant light.

Obedience breaks the chain
Which on the will is lain
Of Adam's child, which bursts its sway,
And breathes the sky of Heav'n-born liberty,
Where Love clothes all with sabbath ray.
The chain of Hell is adamant,
And will is dead in want.

Methought that there appear'd the Judge's throne,
And an all-seeing Presence sat thereon,
And all afar into the Infinite air,
Tier beyond tier in amphitheatre
Innumerable angels far around
Surveying were, all eyes, bound without bound,
And man below ; with heart-discerning glance
On him was fix'd the Judge's countenance.

In that the day of days, and hour of hours,
Certainty of certainties, which must be ours,
Shall heart endure to think a thought of ill,
Or do ill deed ? shall aught entice the will,
When on the heart the Judge's eye doth stand,
And Heav'n and Hell are opening on each hand ?

Methought an Angel's voice came thro' the soul,
“ Not then alone when all the Heav'ns unrol
Back their immensities, as then e'en now
Upon thee there is fix'd the Judge's brow,
And all the Heav'ns have eyes ; 'tis only ye
That now behold not what ye then shall see,
His Eye upon thee open day and night,
And set on either side the Infinite.”

TRANSLATION OF THE ANCIENT HYMN,

Day of wrath!—that awful day
Shall the banner'd cross display,
Earth in ashes melt away !

The trembling, the agony,
When His coming shall be nigh,
Who shall all things judge and try !

When the trumpet's thrilling tone,
Through the tombs of ages gone,
Summons all before the throne.

Death and Time shall stand aghast,
And Creation, at the blast,
Rise to answer for the past.

Then the volume shall be spread,
And the writing shall be read
Which shall judge the quick and dead !

Then the Judge shall sit!--oh ! then,
All that's hid shall be made plain,
Unrequited nought remain.

“ DIES IRA, DIES ILLA.”

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Crucis expandens vexilla,
Solvat seclum in favillâ !

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus !

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra Regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Cum resurget Creatura
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

What shall wretched I then plead?
Who for me shall intercede,
When the righteous scarce is freed?

King of dreadful Majesty,
Saving souls in mercy free,
Fount of Pity, save Thou me!

Bear me, Lord, in heart I pray,
Object of Thy saving way,
Lest Thou lose me on that day.

Weary, seeking me, wast Thou,
And for me in death didst bow—
Be Thy toils availing now!

Judge of Justice, Thee, I pray,
Grant me pardon while I may,
Ere that awful reckoning day.

O'er my crimes I guilty groan,
Blush to think what I have done,
Spare Thy suppliant, Holy One.

Thou didst set th' adultress free,—
Heard'st the thief upon the tree,—
Hope vouchsafing e'en to me.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, Fons Pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illâ die.

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco, tanquam reus ;
Culpa rubet vultus meus,
Supplici parce, Deus.

Peccatricem absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Nought of thee my prayers can claim,
Save in Thy free mercy's name,
Save me from the deathless flame!

With Thy sheep my place assign,
Separate from th' accursed line,
Set me on Thy right with Thine.

When the lost, to silence driven,
To devouring flames are given,
Call me with the blest to Heaven!

Suppliant, fallen, low I bend,
My bruised heart to ashes rend,
Care Thou, Lord, for my last end!

Full of tears the day shall prove,
When, from ashes rising, move

To the judgment guilty men,—
Spare, Thou God of mercy, then!

Lord all-pitying, Jesu blest!
Grant them Thine eternal rest.

AMEN.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum, quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Quâ resurget ex favillâ,

Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce, Deus.

Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eis Requiem.

AMEN.

MERCY.

Why hast Thou for our earthly gloom
Thus left Thy Father's hall?
"Not for the righteous am I come,
But sinners to recall^a."

What bear'st Thou from yon desert rock
Upon Thy shoulders bound?
"A sheep that left my Father's flock,
Whom I have lost, and found^b."

What is it wakes th' Angelic mirth
'Mid sons of God in Heav'n?
"'Tis some poor sorrowing child of earth,
Who is of God forgiven^c."

What makes the gracious Father rise,
And hasten from His seat?
"'Tis one in distance He descries,
A long lost son to meet^d."

^a St. Luke v. 32.

^b Ibid. xv. 5.

^c Ibid. v. 10.

^d Ibid. xv. 20.

Why thus dismounted on the ground,
What bears Thy weary beast?
“ A wounded man that I have found,
Whom I from death releas’d^e.”

What is that poor and abject thing
Washing Thy feet with tears?
“ One that would hide beneath my wing
Her sin and shame and fears^f.”

In Paradise who is that one
That hastes Thy side along:
“ One of earth’s outcasts I have won,
With me in death he hung^g.”

What, art Thou kneeling? Thou, our feet^h
To wash! and callest such
Thy friends! with us to sit and eat!
Oh, oh, it is too much!

O Lord, with bleeding, broken heart
I would to Thee draw near;
I dare not bid Thee to depart,
Thy mercy makes me fear.

^e Ibid. x. 34.

^f Ibid. vii. 38.

^g Ibid. xxiii. 43.

^h St. John xiii. 1.

THE COMPLAINT.

Thou lead'st me thro' the day
To spirit clear,
Or some sweet holy book, or sad or gay,
As Thou to wayward heart would'st minister,
I do not love Thee!

I find Thine arm beneath,
Thy thousand eyes
Over me, as a mother with hush'd breath,
And lamp held o'er her child that feeble lies,
I do not love Thee!

Thou hast to being brought
Only to bless,
One upon whom there might be hourly wrought,
The miracle of Thy deep tenderness,
I do not love Thee!

Thou hast made poor and frail,
That I from wrong
Might to Thy shelter flee, and so prevail,
And to Thy strength resort, and so be strong,
I do not love Thee!

Thou tak'st Thy helpless ones
 Into Thy side,
When danger nears,—to feed Thy famished sons
With Thine own blood, and in Thy Glory hide,
 I do not love Thee!

Thou by the way didst find
 Bleeding and torn,
Pouring in oil and wine my wounds didst bind,
And with Thee on the weary way hast borne,
 I do not love Thee!

Thro' the waste howling wild
 To Elim's wells
And palmy shade, Thou lead'st me, sin-defiled,
To caves where Thine eternal sweetness dwells,
 I do not love Thee!

Thou giv'st me hopes of good,
 And peaceful days,
While I to sins but add ingratitude,
And might have been beyond Thy pardon's rays,
 I do not love Thee!

Thine Angel holds my hand,
 Leading me on,

Now by some singing bird, now Fancy's wand,
Turns my bad thoughts to thankful orison,
I do not love Thee!

The lute, so lonesomely
In distance heard,
Used to tell once of joys that had gone by,
Now those sad thoughts have gladden'd at Thy word,
I do not love Thee!

Others Thou giv'st to rest
On earthly stays,
Me these denying callest on Thy breast
To lean, there flee from care and earthly praise,
I do not love Thee!

My friends Thou puttest by,
The more to bind
Unto Thine arm, that meek reproving eye
Which was on Peter—that on me I find,
I do not love Thee!

In sin and sorrow bound
I onward set
My weary sail, yet through the restless round
I know that Thou art merciful, and yet
I do not love Thee!

Nought have I good or right
Of mine to bring,
But those bright jewels cast on me their light
Which deck the Bride of our Victorious King,
I do not love Thee !

I look abroad, fresh hues
Are blending there,
So beautiful they seem illumin'd dews
From Thy deep well, rays from Thy palace fair,
I do not love Thee !

The minutes onward flow,
Flowing for ever,
But number not Thy mercies as they go,
Nor do my sins me from Thy mercies sever,
I do not love Thee !

They who in presence dwell
Of those they love,
Care not for palace hall or murky cell,
I in Thy nearer presence live and move,
But do not love Thee !

Where Love lights 'mid earth's woes
Distrust is gone,

And where distrust is gone there is repose,
But I in worldly thought, still wander on,
And do not love Thee !

There was one whom I made my stay,
But Thou didst set him far away,
That I might courage take on Thee to lean;
And lest I hang on earthly love,
Thou didst with sorrow me reprove,
And badest me to fix my love on Thee unseen.

I built my nest high up and free,
Thou with Thy wind didst shake the tree,
Telling me nought was safe beneath the stars;
And when I set Thee all at nought,
I fell to caverns of dark thought,
When all around me seem'd Night's everlasting bars.

Now all alone on the wide sea,
Sailing for dread Eternity,
And from my guide and brother far away,
I fear to set or shift the sail,
I fear the sound of every gale,
Lest my unstable bark the winds should make their
play.

But shame upon the faithless heart
Which in Thy promise hath a part!
Thou by our side art present evermore ;
Thy palace gates are opening wide,
Thy light comes forth to be our guide;
And I and brother dear may meet on that bright
shore.

Now will I strive Thy love to gain,
Which none can strive to win in vain,
But still some hand unseen doth hold me back,
Then I for that will strive the more,
That I may learn that I am poor,
Our poverty to know is all the wealth we lack.

I would I had some lowly lot,
Where mine own burden I might hide,
Loving whom I to love forgot,
And cast this speckled skin of vanity aside.

But if in orderings o'er me thrown
I make my chain my liberty,
'Mid the world's eyes then God will own,
And clothe me with the garb of His own poverty.

And if I pray for those afar,
And kindred make of strangers near,
Then God to them will send His star,
And I with Charity shake hands, her pardon hear.

THE APPROACH OF THE CHOLERA.

“ Our Father,” happy he that knows
Of that dear word the sweet repose ;
Who on Thy will doth strive to lean,
And hopes of comfort wean
From her—our evil mother’s breast,
Yea, like a weaned child doth yield, and is at rest.

As darker vengeance seem’d to dwell
On Thy forsaken Israel,
And Zion’s daughter had her throne
Upon the desert stone,
As Canaan’s sun sunk down beneath the sea,
The brighter broke the lights of Gospel prophecy.

Now that we, wise and prudent grown,
Forget the lore to babes made known,
And there are sounds upon the wind
Of Judgment close behind,
All will be well, if sights of stern alarm
But teach to cling more close unto a Father’s arm.

So may we walk through that dark dell,
Where death and death's dim shadows dwell,
Knowing beyond in that bright vale,
Nor health nor peace shall fail ;
The full bright eye of Heav'n looks out afar
On Evening going down upon her golden car.

And we too may look back erewhile,
And from a Parent's bosom smile,
And sing His praise for endless day,
“ Who left us not a prey,
As birds from fowler's snare, so we
Have 'scap'd, the snare is broke, we are for ever free.”

THE SOLITARY CHRISTMAS.

(To absent friends.)

I.

O Fancy, thou hast me too oft beguil'd,
Leading thy froward child
To fairy scenes, then left me to repine
At orderings divine !
But this blest day come be my guest,
And people my dull nest,
And wheel around my home fire-side ;
Kind Hope, do thou preside !
Ah, might I wish for better cheer
Than Sir —— ^a with silent stare,
Looking at my cloistral chair,
'Twere thy sweet self, my sister dear,
With thy little infant crowd, —
My dark eye-lash'd debonaire,
With her gentle eyes so fair,
Like April, woke from wintry lair,

^a The picture of the Founder.

Peeping grey thro' morning cloud,—
And that little laughing elf,
Falstaff, sitting like himself,—
And, indignant of calm ease,
The infant Hercules.

II.

Such thoughts are guests not all unmeet
To sit around my Christmas seat,
Blessed company !
They tell us of Thy Love, and speak of Thee,
Who laid'st aside Thy glories undefil'd,
To be a helpless Child !
See, from His innocent brow a glory streams,
Throwing o'er all around celestial beams ;
In whose blest light
Darkness is bright,
And home, and homely hinds, and homestead bare
Are gleaming, as an eastern palace fair ^b !
Thus from that brow a light is born,
On this glad morn,
Whence all things here below
Have caught a living glow,
Children and Friends, and Joy and Woe,—

^b Alluding to the picture of the Nativity lit up by the countenance of the Holy Infant.

Yea from this day the weary year
Doth gladness wear,
Where'er a sign of Love we trace,
'Tis but a gleam of Light in radiance of that Face.

III.

Brother —— and sister dear,
Such thoughts to me are festive cheer,
For I in thought may be with you,
With you and your own infant crew,
With which your little boat you've mann'd,—
A new found band,—
When yesterday so drearily
Yourselves ye put to sea.
'Tis ever thus, I bless the token,
Our God in mercy moves unseen,
And when our earthly stays are broken,
Silently He comes between,
And blesses most when most we lean.
And may it still be thus with you,
To launch your little blythe canoe
On starry night, or summer noon,
And be it like the silver moon,
Which hath its harbour in the Heaven
Beyond the storm;
She hides awhile her glowing form,

But when 'tis gone,
She lifts her sail,
So calm and pale,
And from out the vapours riven,
Lifting up her filmy veil,
She issues forth, a holy Nun,
And walks upon her azure way,—
It is a Hand unseen that doth her going stay.

IV.

What if for home and social mood
I have to talk with Solitude—
What if for brook and rock and vale
The stars but light a cloister pale—
And for dew-loving Philomel
The distant bell;
That chain should surely dearest be
Which binds the will—if bound to Thee,
O God, when bound the most we are most free.

V.

Beside my window seen
There is a solitary tree,
And beneath a spot of green—
And on that tree there is a bird—
At morn and eve it comes to me,

And is in stillness heard ;
Dweller of mountain, wood, and sea,
Lover of airy liberty—
What charms hath ivied wall for thee ?
For thou hast wings away to flee ;
Hast thou found out that calm so sweet
In olden walls for hermit meet—
Shadows of ancient sanctity,
Can they be aught, meek bird, to thee ?
Or is it choral voice thou lovest to hear ?
Or distant chime,
With dying fall
Most musical,
Sounds which still hold good spirits near
In evil time.

VI.

Brother —— and sister dear,
On us is gathering, year by year,
The winter of our course below,—
And busily Time on our brow
Lays his becalming hand. Those dear
To us, they are not what they were,
Yet in the light this day is born
We seem to walk in endless morn ;
My — —, sure we cannot mourn

That onward to the grave we go.
What tho', dear ——, 'mid toils I stand,
Forgetting thy sustaining hand,
And at each interval again
Feel for that stay—yet feel in vain—
'Tis good that we should walk alone,
That we may so the readier own
The surer strength—our only stay,
Along that shadowy way,
Which each alone must tread ;
And o'er our path while sober Even
Brings down the skies above our head,
May build the nobler hope that we may meet in
Heaven.

DISCONTENT AND THE SOLITARY PASTOR.

A Dialogue.

- A. Strange deadness, friend, thus dull and cold,
Thy enchain'd spirit seems to hold,
So blithe of eye in solitude !
For what if sickness should intrude,
With palsying hand put from the cloud,
Thy voice, I ween, might well be loud,
Whose echoes would return in thy heart's caves to
brood.
- B. The world's wild glare is on thine eyelid thrown,
Nor seest thou I am not alone ;—
And thou wilt wonder more, when told
I have a warrant to be bold,—
A Friend hard by ne'er fails to hear,
But list,—what now hath caught thine ear ?
The bird that sings to night and solitude so cold.

A. That bird—his life is on the wind,
Thee sterner ties of duty bind,
For what if sickness veil thy face,
Thy place—it is an empty space,
And the world's eyes are busy there ;
I hear the footsteps of dark care,
With sickness in the cloud that draweth on
apace.

B. If our great Taskmaster so will,
That place may absence better fill ;
In marshallings of this our night,
While we obey, we walk in light ;
'Tis trouble all and toil beside ;
And nought therein that shall abide,
As storms or sunny gleams that range the mountain
height.

A. 'Tis sad to sit in weakness bound,
While all without is vernal sound ;
Ere thou canst make the sky thine own,
The sunshine is with summer gone,
Nor cheer'd thee as it bore along,
To be the silent dead among,
While thou sitt'st in the house of sickness all
alone.

B. Let summers, with their lights and flowers,
Be gone, and gather'd to their bowers,
And I with the glad thoughts they bring,
Forbid to worship the great King.
The incense of a soul in pain,
Bowed calmly down to meet her chain,
Unto the heavenly hall may find as ready wing.

A. But sweet, when hills and sea and sky
Are pictur'd in the pleased eye,
To rove amid the mountains rude,
And woo their sacred solitude—
Where Nature the soul's flagging wing
Hath bathed, in her ambrosial spring
Of freshening and free thoughts, and with herself
imbued.

B. The lot by Sovereign Duty pent
Becomes a bow, which duly bent,
Is a sure marksman, well I trow,
Stray wandering wishes to bring low.
And prayer with me my quiver goes,
Of better thoughts than nature knows,
My lonely way I wend with quiver and my bow.

A. 'Tis sweet when Love, 'mid kindred met,
Is like a thing 'mid jewels set,

Which gathers and gives back their rays,
It thence to things divine doth raise ;
But sad with loneliness to talk,
With her in life and death to walk,
Oh, like cold death her hand upon the heart she lays.

B. There is a love of nobler birth,
Draws not its strength from things of earth,
But fountains which within abound ;
Like her of Moab faithful found,
Clinging to her new mother's hand,
A gleaner poor on sacred land,
More dear than all the thoughts which cling her
home around.

A. The shades of eve are drawing on,
Hopes which the morning dress'd are gone—
But hast thou yet no thoughts in store
To link thy name with them of yore ?
Or still—thy tottering Church to aid,
Hast thou with thee no glittering blade,
To wave on mountain tops, and call good Angels o'er ?

B. I see the Angel sword in hand,
And kneel upon the sacred strand,
Nor fear beleaguering Anakim ;

Not mine the hand to lift sublime,
And hold the Ark amid the crowd,
If only faithful, and allowed
With that her holy band on Sion's steep to climb.

A. If thine own breast thou tunest,—still
To cope with others' wandering will—
No thought with thought that answers thee,
Each chord thou stirr'st at enmity—
This is thy charge—thence many a spear
Needs adamantine shield to bear,
Or it will find thine heart, and inmost bosom try.

B. Myself alone have I to fear,
For what if they to pastor dear,
Wander in ways he cannot love—
Thence more should he the mountains move,
Whence help may come on unseen wings;
Or thence to him a fountain springs;
Despair dwells not in beams of everlasting Love.

THE HYMNS OF NATURE.

The green and golden chrysopraze,
Where the star hath hid his rays—
The flower that drinks the mossy rill,
Only to the mountain moon
And to the wild bee known—
The tree, a tower of flowers in eastern beauty still—

The bird upon the rocky stone,
Sitting by the shore alone—
The kite upon the air reclin'd,
Like a picture on the sky,
On the blue vault so high—
The sea that shakes below his white locks to the wind,

House and home of wandering blast,
Spreading his blue arms so vast—
The earth on pathway paved with stars,
Still the same, yet still so strange
In quiet interchange—
And all the Heavens that move upon melodious
bars.

What duteous adoration lies,
In their silent destinies!
On laws assigned them as they move,
From each little sphere they raise
The songs of Prayer and Praise,
And for His sake who gave their being seem to love.

Dews 'neath the night to work our weal,
On a noiseless footfall steal,
Here build a lily, there a rose ;
Beams on their glad service dight,
From their own house of light,
Come down to visit us, in this our isle of woes.

Now steal unseen into a mine,
Bidding there some beryl shine,
Beneath some fountain's crystal lair ;
Here a wing, there gild a flower—
None hath so poor a dower,
But finds therein a voice to tell that God is there.

These visitings, which come and go,
Are the life of things below ;
Man only not responsive still
In Heav'n's illumin'd stream,
Doth thankless drink the beam,
Who cannot have his own, loves not his Maker's will.

A something past, or yet to be
Of a higher destiny
Is o'er us ; seeking here her home,
When the soul puts forth her leaves,
Touch'd by the blast she grieves—
Born here her root to spread, in purer skies to
bloom.

Save weeping o'er her wither'd root,
Or on some more baneful shoot,
Faith lifts up her woe-wasted form,
Gladd'ning 'neath the pearly shower
Of her Baptismal dower,
And sees Angelic wings blend with each passing
storm.

Would that from towers of that calm height
My cold lantern Thou would'st light,
And search my heart deeps, till beside
I nought but my darkness see,
And Thy dread purity,
And 'neath Thy bleeding robe my shame and sad-
ness hide.

When Thy blood's on me I will weep,
And my crimes in sorrow steep,

Till sitting 'neath Thy sacred feet,
I may join Creation's throng,
In the eternal song,
With voice as may not be for sinful man unmeet.

THE SPIRIT'S PROGRESS.

Hail, thou golden portal,
Gleaming o'er the deep,
To the halls immortal
Calling me from sleep,
I wake, and come to you o'er broad Ocean's sweep!

Round me scintillations
Of the starry crowds,
And new combinations
Of the breaking clouds,
Now gather, and now pass in tumultuous shrouds.

Dark the running Ocean
Tumbles 'neath my feet,
And in wild commotion
Spirits round me fleet,
Their immortal stranger o'er the waves to greet.

What new guiding Hand
Fills my soul with wonder,
With a viewless wand
Setting clouds asunder?
Lightning his raiment is, and his voice the thunder!

What strange Providence
Girds me all about,
And beyond all sense
Rules the racking rout,
And o'er stable waves holds me up throughout !

Infinite the store
Of the old Creations ;
Who shall deeps explore,
Count the constellations,
Which pave the spirit's path to her habitations ?

Pearls and emerald dyes
On wing'd insects float ;
Endless sweetness lies
In the bird's wild throat ;
Nature's flying finger wakes a countless note.

Morn on morn doth follow
Bringing a new day,
(As a watery hollow
Doth the skies display,)
Another yet the same, brotherlike alway.

As the peacock's plume
Varies self-same eyes,

Nought can fill the room
Of diversities,
Nature downward opens ever boundless skies.

Who shall speak the changes
Which the spirits know,
In their solemn ranges
To the Eternal now ?
Who th' Angelic watches which around them
go ?

What ethereal nations
Lie beyond the sight,
In their glorious stations
Crowded infinite,
While we deem of nought but what sees day and
night ?

By what name or spell
Are we to you known ?
Or do ye syllable
Heavenly words alone,
And the new name writ in the mysterious stone ?

Oft methinks at waking,
A spirit calls my name,

With a sound partaking
Gentle love or blame,
As if to the dead in sleep we nearer came.

On your crystal pillow,
Spirits now at rest,
Greet me o'er the billow
To your haven blest,
Look forth and welcome me o'er Time's troubled
breast !

Hail, thou star of Ocean,
Unto you I come,
With a dread emotion
Struggling for my home,
Your portal gleams afar, no more let me roam.

Now on floors sublime
I bid earth farewell,
And look back on time,
From where Spirits dwell,
Alas! from heights like these mighty Angels fell.

SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

Moon with beauteous flock on high,
On the deep blue fields that lie,—
Wondrous things that stand aloof,—
Crystal lamps on temple roof,—
Little drops from fount of light,—
Spars of shiver'd chrysolite,—
Calmly falling silver shower,
Raining on night's ebon tower,—
Or an army bright that pour
All from out the heavenly door,
And their silent sentry keep,
O'er the house where mortals sleep !

But when our Saviour came to die,
And laid aside His Majesty,
Lest man should dare his God to scan,
So meekly seen in Son of man,
From Science He withdrew the veil,
And bade her tell the wondrous tale.

Mighty, mighty orbs of light,
Through the boundless infinite,
All throughout the noiseless sky
On a whirlwind's wing they fly ;—
Many, many a mighty world,
With its shining sail unfurl'd,—
Suns with worlds their subjects throng
Like shepherdess her flocks among,—
Unspeakable and glorious ones,
Worlds of worlds, and suns of suns,
Earth a tiny drop in motion
All amid the shoreless ocean !

Dark curtains hung upon the tomb,
And hid from man his deathless doom,
Save that portending nature true
Her presages in picture drew,
'Twas but the form of vice below,
As seen in all her varied woe :

For those fabled royal maids
Hundred-handed ^a Danaids,
Where but Pleasures labouring still
Vainly the heart's urn to fill,—

^a Scil. ἐτατόμυποδων Νηρηίδων. Soph.

Ambition the Sisyphean stone,
Ever hurrying down anon,—
And the Fury with her snakes,
And the lash that slumber breaks,
Fearfully in stern alarm
Was Remorse portending harm,
While in hope the righteous dwell
Seeing the Invisible.

Yet still the solemn shadows lay
On shores of the Eternal Day ;
But when our Lord the ransom paid,
And gather'd 'neath the Cross's shade,
He bade the awful veil arise,
And shew'd man's doom that never dies :

Where a flowing—flowing river,
Still might flow and flow for ever,
Yet have never less to go !
Things no living man can know !
On a sea for evermore
Never nearer to the shore !
Blackest midnight aye forlorn,
Never, never nearer morn !
Blest meridian ever bright,
Never, never nearer night !

Realities of Heav'n and Hell,
Endless, dread, unchangeable!

Who Him believe, and train the eye
The deeps of that great vast to try,
And hear that ocean roll beneath,
They to that Rock, with trembling breath,
And dank and dripping weeds must cling,
Nor e'er deny their God and King.

A SUMMER'S NIGHT.

The stars upon their ways are travelling on,
And trees and flowers fulfilling their giv'n course,
And men on men are hurrying to be born,
And creep into the grave.

And carried on a noiseless whirlwind's wheel,
Onward and onward hurry day and night,
O'er all strange mystery like a curtain hangs,
The womb of destinies.

And 'mid of things this twilight dim sublime,
There hath along the vale appeared One
Out of the mighty vast which is beyond,
And bearing the great key

Of mansions which can never pass away ;
He only the great Whence and Whither knows,
And He was One bowed to the earth with grief,
Bearing an unseen weight.

Upon the ground in agony He fell,
He wept, His eyes He lifted up to Heav'n,
And prayed on mountain top when all was still,
Save distant night-bird's cry.

What means that falling down on the cold ground?
What means that raising of the eyes to Heav'n?
And watching on the Mount when all was still,
Save distant night-bird's cry?

And why, why art Thou weeping o'er us thus,
Divinest Stranger, yet for ever near?
Thou only knowest where man hath to climb,
Thou only whence to fall.

Then let us on Thy steps adoring gaze,
If so we may but pass the mighty gulf,
And fill our lamps with light from the full well,
And ocean of Thy love.

All seems adoring stillness, moving on,
Yet motionless, the moon hath climb'd her tower,
And lo, in other palaces she walks
Of night beneath the wave.

THE NIGHTINGALE BY THE BRIDGE.

Stranger of the liquid throat,
Whose rich flowing nectar note
Doth on wings of twilight float,
 Where the silent moon
Leaning from her silver boat
 Listens all alone.

Oft my ears have found thee out,
When our cloistral walls throughout
Spoke thy midnight whereabouts,
 Singing to the star,
While another sylvan shout
 Answer'd from afar.

Yet I never heard as now,
Such a thrilling overflow,
Nay I cannot—cannot go,
 From thy tuneful bill,—
Nay good night!—I part, and lo,
 I am loitering still.

Where the drooping willow bower,
Where the bridge and sable tower
On the moon-lit stream doth lower,
 Slow I creep along
Lingering in the crystal shower
 Of thy gushing song.

No inhabitant of earth,
Paradise is in the mirth,
Where no sorrow hath its birth,
 Filling the glad urn
Whence thou drawest without dearth
 Sweetest thoughts that burn.

Other birds of earth are singing,
Thoughts of Angels thou art bringing,
A bold sweetness round thee flinging,
 And a solemn calm,
Deepest hour of night is ringing
 With thy choral psalm.

Heart of music running o'er,
Surely an ambassador
Sent from out the star-pav'd floor
 On the summer wind,
With a message sweet in store
 Some sad soul to find.

Others sing a Father's care,
'Mid green woods and valleys fair,
Flinging to the wandering air
Thoughts of to-morrow,
Or mount upon the azure stair
Too wise for sorrow.

Thine a bolder, deeper lay,
Chaunts of places far away,
Telling of another day,
Of a house and home,
And a Hand that rules thy stay,
And doth bid thee come.

Gushing like a fountain river,
Shafts of unexhaustive quiver,
Nothing—nothing thee shall sever,
Wed with holy glee,
Such become a harmless liver,
Ah, alas for me !

Yet when stealing from the throng,
Worn and weary with earth's wrong,
Oft yon neighbouring aisles of song
Tune my thoughts anew,
And with hopes serene and strong
All my soul endue.

Songster sweet, I learn of thee,
When around 'tis dark to me,
With a spirit bold and free
 Of my Guide to sing,
Bearing homeward o'er life's sea
 On an eagle's wing.

But when midday's tents are out,
Gold and gleam are all about,
Sink the strain in fear and doubt,
 Lest our love should roam,
And amid the singing rout
 We forget our home.

Ah, that thrilling undersong,
Saddest bird, I did thee wrong,
Sweetest sadness, deep and long !
 Those bright visions fleet,
Other thoughts upon thee throng
 For a pilgrim meet.

Long years have pass'd since we together met,
Nor ever thought I we should meet again,
But circumstance, Time's wild eventful chain
Unwinding, with a strange and dream-like net
Hath caught me, and again together set,
Sitting in silence 'neath a cloud of pain.
My thoughts are deeply stirr'd, for they oft fain
Would wait on thee, by thee unnoted, yet,
Like unseen Angels that would do thee good,
Have tended on thee, though to all untold,
Nor deem'd of, and by thee the least of all.
Still often, in the spirit's solitude,
'Tis sweet thine honour'd image to recall,
And kind o'er-flowing heart, all sterling gold.

If among lost mankind love is thus sweet,
If here below tho' Absence intervene,
And Distance spreads her envious arms between,
'Tis so unspeakable that Time's dull feet
To a melodious chime do seem to beat ;
And while we love each other, tho' unseen,
We seem to walk, as if our feet had been
Bathed in warm glowing sunshine: if 'tis meet
That love should o'er ourselves throw these sweet
chains,

And those around each other make appear
Like some heart-kindling music ; if thus strange
And passing sweet our love so giv'n to change,
Then what must be the substance which remains,
Whose semblance here and shadow is so dear!

But see where Eve, riding on cloudy seas,
Scatters afar the rose and violet
On path of parting day ; the star is set
On watch, and twinkling thro' the cloistral trees
In the wide glowing Heav'n ; scarce stirs the breeze ;
Now Evening all hath drawn within her net
Of contemplation ; hopeful Peace and Thought
 have met ;

Stay, beautiful illusions, while ye cease
One by one fairer shapes ye still put on,
Stay awhile, beautiful decays, if thus
Our Father hath a veil of beauty thrown
O'er our poor passing fleetness, oh, let us
Lay on His altar all our costliest store ;
And then, content with Jesus to be poor,
Within ourselves nurse homelier thoughts, for we
Were richer far in that our poverty.

THE VOLUNTARY.

Music, strange power, who can thy dwelling know?
Lo, at thy bidding suns or shadows flee
Over the soul, and prospects come and go
From hope or memory's cave. Strange key
To close or to unlock each secret cell,
Like star, or heav'nly guest come in the heart to dwell.

Faint emblem, Lord, of sacred power from Thee,
Whose finger is upon the unseen soul,
Which blending with the will doth leave it free,
Sweetening or saddening, soft controul
Setting Thy love before in vision clear,
Or wakening from sad thoughts Repentance' healing
tear.

The evening breeze comes on th' Eolian wire,
Wakening sweet sounds from what was dead
before ;
The soul without Thee were a barren lyre ;
Oh, let me live in that sweet store
Of healthful thoughts, till all around me seem
Bathed in the freshening dews of that melodious
stream.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
 Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
 Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo. . . .
 amavit nos quoque Daphnis.

VIRG.

Others admire in thee a poet's fire,
 So sweetly temper'd to a classic lyre ;
 Others, how deepest thought and wise design
 Put on harmonious beauty in each line ;
 Others, how thy sweet urn of sacred glee
 Lights earthly things with heavenly clarity^a ;
 Others, how every turn and winding scene
 Leads to a temple—in the blue serene.
 One would to thy meek willow's lesson turn,
 One melodies of mountain streamlet learn,
 One loves thy red November's calm decay,
 One the bright lengthening of thine April day.
 One with thee enters in the home divine
 To worship there, but not to praise thy shrine.
 'Tis sweet to note in varying character
 How each his bosom'd thoughts finds pictur'd there.
 And some condemn thee as too deep a mine,
 Where haply diamonds hid and rubies shine,

^a " Makes an eternal clarity." Bp. Taylor's Hymn of Heaven.

But they upon the surface, love to flit,—
'Twere diving into Pindar's golden wit!
But these things other thoughts to me endear,
Thy book I love because thyself is there.
And all I know of glad philosophy—
And all I know of life's home poesy—
And all I know of calm and healthful thought,
And all of better wisdom Heav'n hath taught—
And all that I have seen of azure sky
Brought forth from out a deep captivity—
And all which through the clouds of sin and grief
Have shed o'er life a light of sweet relief—
And all that I have known of cheering glow
That glares not, but lights up our hearth below—
And all I have of friends more dear than life,
Calming with gentler wisdom this world's strife,
(So it hath pleased Heav'n who gave the same,)
These all to me are link'd with thy dear name.
Through thee whate'er through broken clouds hath
gleam'd,
Through thee from Heav'n these beams on me have
stream'd.
Therefore when others talk yet I am still,
For deeper thoughts than theirs my bosom fill.

THE NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL MAN,

OR

Classical complaints and Scriptural remedies.

I.

“ Time holds up his glass, as to a youthful maiden, and shews men how evil they are.” *Eurip. Hippol.* 430.

Time holds to me his silent glass,
Wherein myself I view,
As there from sin to sin I pass,
An image sad and true.

And since that now to manhood grown
I bear no goodly sign,
Hath God's displeasure o'er me gone,
I hasten to decline.

“ We all with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image.” *2 Cor.* iii. 18.

But in another glass I scan,
Hiding His heavenly rays,
The image of the Son of Man,
And kindle as I gaze.

In deepest sense of my desert
Thus daily let me die,
If so I may but touch the skirt
Of His great charity !

II.

“ What shame or what bounds can there be to our lamentations
for one so dear^b ? ” *Horace*, Ode I. xxiv. 1.

If I forget thee for awhile,
Then, like some mournful strain,
Thine image seems to chide my smile,
And o'er me comes again.

O'er each still hour it comes from far,
With thoughts of childish years,
Reflected, like a heavenly star,
In the deep fount of tears.

“ Concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as
others which have no hope.” 1 *Thess.* iv. 13.

That fount of tears it hidden lies
Within my Saviour's breast,
And I will leave thee in the skies
And that deep fount to rest.

^b “ Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis.”

O Thou, who know'st our secret frame
And every inmost grief,
In Thee I leave that long-lov'd name,
And find in Thee relief.

III.

“ Children cannot attain the perfection of virtue, nor the happiness attending it; we call them happy in hope.” *Aristotle, Ethics*, l. i. c. 9.

Still virtue labours 'mid the sky
To set her citadel,
Where visitants may come from high,
And Contemplation dwell.

She climbs; hill rises after hill;
The sun seems to alight
Ever before, but distant still
It sinks, and leaves to night.

“ Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.” *St. Mark* x. 14.

The weary, weak, and leaning child,
Upon a parent's breast,
Which lays, o'ercome with wanderings wild,
Its head, and is at rest:

Sole emblem such, to young or old,
 Of all on earth we find ;
 Which angels may with joy behold ;
 Faith's meek reposing mind.

IV.

“ Religion shewed her head from the regions of the sky, with
 horrible visage from above threatening mortals^c.” *Lucretius*.

Religion clad in storms of yore
 Unveil'd her awful mien,
 And in dread lightnings oped the door
 Of the eternal scene.

Sad shades and shapes were there reveal'd,
 In dismal vision clear,
 While conscious Guilt the pencil held,
 And dark portending Fear.

“ Mercy and Truth have met together . . . and Righteousness
 hath looked down from Heaven.” *Psalms lxxxv*.

But Abram saw his children throng,
 Like stars in Heav'n at night,
 Those stars they heard the angelic song,
 And from their orbs of light

^c “ Quæ caput e cœli regionibus ostendebat,
 Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans.”

Came Bethlehem's Star, which with us dwells ;
Since then they nearer roam,
And seem to walk, like sentinels,
Around our heavenly home.

WROXTON ABBEY.

A sylvan lake with hanging trees embower'd,
Where droop'd the pensive birch in lighter green,
And the dark pine in statelier stories tower'd,
Which in the watery edge were fairer seen ;
Beyond whose downward heads the blue Serene,
With white-piled clouds a hanging tapestry,
Had for its mirror chose that quiet scene,
Still as its surface was th' embosom'd sky,
Save imag'd in the deeps a dark bird flying by.

A snow-white Swan, upon that glassy plate,
There moved ineffably in nature's grace,
Rowing at ease in solitary state,
Like some fair guardian of that tranquil place,
Eying his lovelier image, which kept pace
And mock'd his state below : the woodland song
Came round me, soften'd by the watery space ;
A tide of strange emotions, deep and strong,
Flowed o'er th' impassion'd soul, and sought to
find a tongue.

But such those images that sought a vent,
That the dismantled shreds of Autumn's sheers,
Were unto them more fit accompaniment ;
Chiefly close wrapt around my earliest years,
Two brothers laid on their untimely biers,
And other things I cannot speak aloud,
Which were reflected in the fount of tears,
Like clouds which in that silent mirror crowd,
That Nature's calm to share was not to me allowed.

A something on the human spirit lies
Amid the universal burst of spring,
Which cannot answer to their revelries,
Nor into harmony the bosom bring ;
I seem'd alone—the only thankless thing,
I felt I had a burden to reveal,
But could not ; all was joyous on the wing,
I look'd, and only wish'd that I could kneel,
I had no words, but this would speak what I did
feel.

But 'gainst myself I will in you rejoice,
Ye sounds and happy sights 'mong which we
move,
And will to your Hosannahs lend my voice,
For ye are emblems of a Father's love ;

And ye that would your Hallelujahs prove,
By watery banks, green lawn, and singing bower,
As all around to love and being strove,
Ye all do speak the Resurrection's power,
Which longs to break her chain, and waits the
destin'd hour.

And ye on wing and bough, sweet birds of song,
Whose gladsome hearts break forth in melodies,
Creatures of God, I would not do you wrong!
Ye seem like little wanderers from the skies,
So much ye speak of the pure harmonies
Of happy spirits, that with a free heart,
Releas'd from this world's winter's frozen ties,
Shall in that Resurrection have a part,
And I too would awake, and learn your thankful art.

O could I speak of Thee with reverence meet,
Giver of life and light! in this calm grove
All Nature, kindling from each still retreat,
Around the goings of awakening Love
In buoyancy and joyance seems to move,
Spreads flowers beneath his feet, and from Heav'n's
face
Draws the white clouds; while the embower'd
alcove

Looks on the waters, in whose deep embrace
There sleeps a sister scene redoubling all their grace.

And what if thus, as the outstretching sweep
Of the vast concave in this little seat
Is seen with all the sights that fill the deep ;
Or spans of water in the paved street
Mirror inverted skies beneath our feet ;
What if the meanest things of earthly ruth
Shadow the kingdoms of the Paraclete,
And be reflections of eternal Truth,
Ere it be seen to rise in its unfailing youth.

Beauty that lifts her head o'er nature's blight,—
New generations kindling from the tomb,—
Fresh morn for ever rising after night,—
Joy aye returning after sorrow's gloom,—
And moons that wane their glory to resume,—
And spring awakening from the wintry mass,—
All speak a mighty power within the womb ;
With countless images in Nature's glass,
Of things that are in Heav'n the mighty shadows
pass.

And in Thy Word their presage shapes abound,
Noah arising from the watery grave,—

Joseph twice dead in kingly greatness found,—
Moses escaping from the Ocean's wave,—
Samson made strong victorious death to brave,—
Israel from Babylonian bondage free
Like unto them that dream ;—such power to save
Hath gloomy death, and at a word from Thee
The valley of dead bones all full of life shall be.

Teach us that Wisdom which Thy footsteps sees,
And 'mid dismays and doubts Thy hand doth hold,
Till we be school'd in daily semblances
Of greater things hereafter : as of old
When Thou Thy childhood's presence didst withhold
From Thine own mother, lest the sword should wound
Her soul too deep, training her to be bold
'Gainst that sad time that laid Thee in the ground,
Sought for three sorrowing days, and in Thy temple found.

And I in these Thy teachings numberless
Would train my spirit to be dead with Thee,
Though little now I of their meaning guess—
Waiting the time I may from death be free,
And would in all Thy Resurrection see ;

So by the streams of this our Babylon,
While we sit down and weep, discern'd shall be
The City of our God pourtray'd thereon,
Till we have happier thoughts from desolation won.

So may we strengthen hope and be at rest,
And each returning Sunday here we greet
Think of the Sabbath on our Saviour's breast ;
Oft as loved friends we after absence meet
Of meeting ne'er to part at Jesus' feet ;
From bars of darkness to the morn restored
Think of the light of that celestial seat,
Till dead with Thee, and quicken'd by Thy Word,
Imaged in all around we mark our risen Lord.

WRITTEN AFTER THE PRECEDING.

Still hand in hand I onward climb
With this mysterious Time,
And things once distant come and go,
With many a piercing throe,
Or things that fairer seem,
They pass my outstretch'd hands, like shadows in
a dream.

These thoughts impassion'd ne'er abide,
But, by some unseen tide,
Ineffably they o'er me come,
Whether in joy or gloom,
As if some moon above,
Or some celestial orb did their deep stirrings move.

Would these o'erflowings of the mind
Might something leave behind,
Of better thoughts that might remain,
Laid up in storied strain,
From the dark spirit's store,
In these tumultuous tides left on the pebbled shore,

Heart glowing thoughts! yet what are these
But shells which children please?
Would that I so in prayer and praise
Might pass away my days,
That these wild seas of thought
Might to their Heav'nly guide be to obedience
wrought!

And struggling thus with envious Time,
I still would onward climb,
And as these feelings ebb and flow
Would ever on them go,
Till to that land I come,
Where Love with outstretch'd arms welcomes the
wanderer home.

Thus I each day I linger still
Those heavenly stores would fill,
Each day would something send before
Unto that stable shore,
Something from evil won,
And do some deed at death I shall not wish undone.

THE MUSICAL BOX.

Silver-soft melodious maze!
Sweetest sounds unwinding,
Through his labyrinth of lays,
All his chains unbinding,
Here and there upon the sound
Runs the tuneful sprite around.

Is it thus our Universe
In Angelic ears,
Doth the melodies rehearse
Of revolving years,
Set amid the listening skies,
To run out its harmonies?

Now the music seems to grieve
Like a sylvan song,
On a pastoral pipe at eve
Distant shades among,
Far amid the haunted woods,
Touching the deep solitudes.

Now mellifluous soars the sound,
Like a mermaid fair,
Melting from our world around
Into sea and air,
While her notes mysterious seem
Lingering on a passing dream.

Now it stirs a solemn sense,
Like a lovely star,
Bringing gentle evidence
Of the things afar ;
Or as if unearthly gleams
Played on the melodious streams.

Lo, within that tuneful cell
What an ocean lies,
Tides of thought that ebb and swell
In wild harmonies,
As, on its responsive seas,
Soars or sinks the solemn breeze!

Thus, may be, an unseen hand
Shall the soul unbind,
In a moment loose the band
Round the spirit twin'd,
Bring to sight things of the skies,
And awake deep memories.

From this earth's entrancing thrall
Which too much is mine,
From the Fear which doth appal,
And desires that pine,
Ye my glowing soul have wrought
Into high mysterious thought,

Of a world that round us lies,
Of unearthly Love—
And Angelic companies
Which around us move;
To low thoughts I bid adieu,
Henceforth I will think of you,

Of immortal Majesty,
And sustaining Truth,
Order, and sweet Charity,
And unfading Youth,
Drinking at immortal springs,—
Hence of you my spirit sings.

DREAMS.

Fearfully into my dreams
Comes a black and prowling Bear ;
And defying all my care,
Here anon and every where
Mingling with my vision seems,
With a deadly eat-up stare.
Bars and bolts I set between,
Down the chimney he is seen ;
Then I form a triple skreen,
Yet behind, in stealthy mien,
Comes that scowling visage grim,
That I cannot flee from him.
Now methinks I am away,
In the quiet eye of day ;
On my back there is a load,
He is after on the road ;
Climb, or run, or hide, or swim,
Yet I cannot get from him.
Nought my heart can save or spare,—
Save refreshings drawn in prayer.

Or, may be, a dreaded man,
With a heart-enthraling ban,
Holdeth me in durance sore,
Me perchance and many more.
He will eat us up anon,
But I cannot get me gone.
They are battenning for his maw,
But they heed it not a straw,
Laughing out in hideous glee,
“ We care not, and why should ye ? ”
Yet methinks I have a Friend,
If to him I could but wend ;
Oft an Angel or good man
From him brings a talisman,
Which will rid me from the spell
O'er me thus unspeakable,
Yet I heed not, or forget,
And the soul-entangling net
Still is o'er my pathway set.
Oft I think me safe away,
Yet he hath me still at bay.

Such the things and such as these,
In terrible varieties,
Tho' beyond the visual ken,
Known to children and to men,
When they slumber ill at ease.

There is something in this spell
Of a fearful one from Hell.
A voice from Heav'n hath told us plain
That he labours might and main,
In the little space he can,
If he may but ruin man.
But in them such mystery seems
That I dare not think of dreams ;
Whence they come or what they say,
If they be from Hell or nay.
Oft we know they are from Heav'n,
Holding up in mirror true
Our most secret selves to view,
Unto them such power is given.
Haply we in them are brought
Unto worlds beyond our thought ;
It may be our Angel good,
In a way not understood,
With the enemy doth strive
While we scarcely seem alive,
And to sense, in slumber seal'd,
Thus the strife is half reveal'd.
Only this I dare to tell
Of matter so inscrutable,
Did we always rise and pray,
For the fearful things they say,
We should wiser be all day.

IN IMITATION OF LUCRETIVS.

If it be so — then this o'er-arching hall,
And Heav'n's deep thundering temples covering all
On pillars of blue ether, sown with stars,
Where walks the Sun imprison'd in strange bars,—
And Earth, with trees and streams and mountains
crowned,
And girdle of blue waters girding round,—
This scene, o'er which there hangs the clear profound,
Is but a cavern where the soul is pent,
And the blue roofs of this our firmament
Shall tumble in, by ruin touch'd, or fly
Like a white cloud vanish'd from Summer sky.
Then Death were to the soul the dungeon door,
(As Eve lets out the sun on twilight's shore.)
It follows—this our poor and fretful talk
Of men, and states, and kingdoms, were to walk
With shadows, with the substance at the gate,
And it may be to waken all too late.
For if, from out the star-encircled tent,
To be with us the golden Sun was sent,

To touch with life-giving ethereal touch
The springs of life, it matters surely much
Whether we walk in that serener day,
Or turn'd to darkness build our own decay.

Like cause doth like effect in like produce
In all but man ; the elements let loose
Range o'er the earth, yet bear a hidden rein,
Each doth his given work in given chain ;
Two Roses, nurtured 'neath one canopy,
Together rise and bloom, together die,
Traceable by eye of reason tho' unseen :
Two elms coeval in harmonious strife
Throw round their green arms, and drink equal life ;
Two streams together haste to Ocean's hall ;
Two upward flames together mount or fall^a.
Not so is man, himself creates the cause
Of his own acts ; he moves by self-framed laws,
Self-framed each hour, while on the verge that lies
'Tween good and evil stern Probation tries ;
And all he does is seed to something still
Beyond, more strong in grace or prone to ill.
Two mortals by the water side of life
Spring from one root, yet gradual prove they rife

^a See the Christian Year for St. Luke's day, also Aristotle's Ethics, b, iii. c. 2.

With different natures, this with healing dight
And gladness, that with deadly aconite ;
E'en as the will within her secret shrines
Gathers the heavenly influence, or declines ;
'Tis not our own, it cometh down from high,
And therefore 'tis that virtue cannot die,
Since not of birth terrestrial, born of light
That comes beyond the ebon house of night.
To choose or shun the path to good or ill,
Severing each moment, this doth form the will ;
Thus they who 'mid the varied things of sense
Trace out the maze of cause and consequence ;
Nor own 'mid mighty waters calm and deep
His footsteps, on they dream—till in their sleep
Hearing His voice they hear not, nor detect
In His own house the glorious architect.

The golden Sun perchance is on the Sea
Listening to Hymns of Evening's harmony
So sweet,—Silence herself is audible
With the Creator's praise,—from hill or dell
Sound birds and lowing herds, till o'er the close,
Darkness lets fall her mantle of repose,
And Night adoring climbs with silent urn,
To light the lamps that round His temple burn ;
Or when the Morn sends forth her harbinger,
Which with her coming doth all nature stir,

And noisy crow on wing, and thrush on bough,
Give signal of the twilight on Night's brow
Appearing, strains prelusive of the choir,
Which soon shall burst from Nature's morning lyre
Woke by the Sun unto Creation's King,
All to new life awake and stir and sing.
Meanwhile the Sage, in Wisdom's tower sublime,
Sees the small atom from his unseen clime,
Posting before the Sunbeam—as most fit
Marshal his troops, or in sage council sit,
Life to create and order, into light
Come from beyond the regions of the sight,
And hurry on his mantle, red, blue, green^b,
To invest creation, paint and deck the scene.

As if the echo to its green retreats
He had pursued, unfolding its wild seats,
Till he, 'mid rocks grotesque, and tangled wood,
Forgot the voice itself from which it flowed.
As if the glorious thought and golden strain,
So wondrous bound in the melodious chain
Of some great Pindar, were but sounds that broke
Responsive, by some gale Eolian woke,

^b See Lucretius, b. ii. that the motion of these atoms is more rapid than that of light, that they are of themselves colourless, but assume colour in their combinations.

Dying upon it; or as if the rays
Of some lov'd countenance on which we gaze,
Were lit up by no unseen light behind;
So dark a cloud the thoughtless eye doth blind!

This comes of seeing and of tracing on,
Cause after cause, in wondrous union
Concentrating, combining to a whole,
And owning not the Maker. For the Soul
At every step when she around her cell
Sees and adores not the Adorable,
More faint and faint the gleams, which with Him
dwell,

Break out on her, more feebly His dear voice,
That which alone bids Nature to rejoice,
More faint and faint she hears, till all alone
From scene to scene of doubt she wanders on
Along a dreary waste, starless and long,
Starless and sad a dreary waste along,
Uncheer'd—unsatisfied—for evermore,
Companionless, and fatherless, and poor.

Enough is given that they who would adore
Might find their Maker, ever more and more
Himself disclosing to the pure in heart,
He leads them in Himself to have a part.
Else it were sad indeed thro' things of sense,
Or sweet scenes form'd by sportive elements,

To range on sick at heart, for sad and lone
Was Youth in all its freshness, tho' when gone
So seeming fair; beneath a vernal sky,
'Mid flowers and singing birds it heaved the sigh,
But as it flew, it turn'd, and cast behind
Longing, regretful looks, and seem'd most kind,
When lost for ever,—from the things of sight
A bird of golden wing hath ta'en his flight,
And left us desolate; o'er gathering years
Silent and cold Winter her head uprears.
Far otherwise when hopes of better Love
Fill all with sacred breath,—rays from above
Light up the cloud—then toilsome nights and days,
To rise, to sleep, to live o'er weary ways
In lonelines, to wed with solitude,
To go out, and return, and find no good,
These all are by a holy Presence warm;
In each dark shade there stands a living Form,
By the way side, by lonely shore, in feast
Else wearisome,—beside the well, nor least
In the holy Temple that dread Form doth stay,
He who from them that sought ne'er turned away;
His sheltering mantle rests upon the Earth,
'Neath whose bright folds we have our second birth
Be we content awhile therein to lie,
Until the storm and whirlwind have past by.

'Tis better that thus dimly we should scan
His steps, disclosed as meet for sinful man,
For but suppose that Heav'n's familiar door
O'erarching, and the star-indented floor
Flew open, and disclosed the Towers afar,—
As fishes ranging 'neath their watery bar
Know nought of tower or city, grove or glen,
Green mantled earth, and singing bird, and men,
So rove we in this vapoury prison pent,—
Emerging in ethereal element
We should see that which would our hearts appal
With wonder, more than all this varied ball,
Yea, more than blind men dream of untried light,
But in the amazement of th' o'erwhelming sight
How should we love Him? rather for awhile
Let us with prayer this winding cave beguile,
And lowlier thoughts more meet for earthly bond,
For fearfully the glory shines beyond
This twilight—rapidly 'tis onward borne,
And we have much to do and much to mourn.

In these I linger not, for thus to dream,
And meditate, and choose the learned theme,
For these we have no leisure—bound for far
We loiter, while we talk the leading star
Is setting, yonder breaks on distant lawn
The skirt of day—the trees are in the dawn.

THE RECOGNITION OF ULYSSES.

Oft as I read how great Ulysses stood,
In his own kingly hall, a beggar poor,
With tatter'd garb and leathern wallet rude,
I would unravel the "good" Poet's store,
And all the golden argument explore;
Caught in the maze of his melodious wiles
I linger, and suspend the passing oar,
E'en as that hero by those syren isles,
At whose surpassing sounds the sullen ocean smiles.

But his no syren's soul-enfeebling song,
He lifted up the dull earth to the skies,
Then wander'd forth in healthful virtue strong,
Seeing all earth as with an Angel's eyes,
Thick-peopled with immortal Deities.
It is no more the haunt where wrongs prevail,
But in each act of life the Godhead lies,
From sight withdrawn awhile; while ne'er to fail
Stern Retribution holds, but half conceals the scale.

In nature's stores, and in "the gift" of sleep,
In viands of slain beeves, in cheering wine,
In wafting gales that o'er the Ocean sweep,
In birds in heav'n, or on the surging brine,
In darts that pass or miss the destin'd line,
In every thought which human conduct guides,
In morn, in eve, earth, sea, and air divine,
The ever-varying God his presence hides,
And sways of mortal things the deeply rolling tides,

Wrapping mankind around, serene and still ;
And oft the good to see him are allowed,
While 'mid the revellers all bent on ill
Good Theoclymenus beholds the cloud
Peopled with Stygian shapes, a blackening shroud,
And heads all ghastly with portentous sign,
Going before destruction ; from the crowd
He springs aloof, discerning wrath Divine,
While they heed nor hear, in surfeit lost and wine.

Or as he thence the royal arms conveys,
Telemachus, beside that beggar old,
Beholds the playing of the unharming blaze
O'er all the inner house, rays which enfold
Pillar and tier and arch in flaming gold,
And far within celestial Power confest ;

His Sire discerns the God, and bids him hold
 On his high errand, and th' unearthly guest
 Honour with speechless awe around made manifest.

Now little deeming of that warrior Lord,
 The insatiate spoilers, ruthless, gay, and proud,
 Sure indications of their worth afford,
 Antinous in wassails fierce and loud,
 Taunter of holy eld; and haughty-brow'd
 Eurymachus; the son of Nisus, brave,
 Lover of Gods and men, whom from the crowd
 Of revellers the Hero fain would save,
 But he who shares the feast, must share the untimely
 grave.

And thou, divine Eumæus^a, swineherd poor,
 Like the rude stakes that fence thy woodland nest^b,
 All heart of oak. By his own royal door
 The beggar notes each menial and each guest,
 The hospitable word, the unkindly jest,
 The temper good and loyal, him that heeds
 Father and King, and age with woes opprest

^c It may be observed, that Homer generally speaks of him, the *διὸς ὑφ' ὀρεβὸς*, and of him only, in the vocative case.

^d B. xiv. l. 12.

And poverty, in whose uncomely weeds
Oft Gods go forth on earth to watch men's words
and deeds^c.

Then arm'd with battle and with glorious might,
As erst at Ilium in the famed field,
Grasping the old Laconian bow, to light
Godlike Ulysses springs, not with the shield
And helmet, but o'erwhelming death reveal'd;
The arrow wing'd with their impending doom
Hangs eager on the string, while still they wield
The thoughtless flagons through the festive room,
While Justice hath e'en now delved deep their
righteous tomb.

There falls a light on this illumin'd page,
And as I ponder with delighted eyes
Upon the holier lore of earlier age,
Something I read of higher mysteries,
Of One who hath descended from the skies,
And wanders here in His own kingly hall,
A *stranger*, and in *prison* often lies,
And on his brethren's charities doth call,
Yet weighs and watches each, the God and Judge
of all.

^c B. xvii. l. 485.

SACRILEGE.

From the Agamemnon of Æschylus paraphrased.

From line 155, Ζεὺς ὅστις πότ' ἐστίν, to line 176, Σέλμα σεμνὸν
ἡμένων.

1.

O Thou surpassing mortal sight,
Wonderful is Thy Name!
How shall I think of Thee aright,
And speak Thee without blame?
Of Thee I fain would sing,
But every thought I to the balance bring
To speak Thy praise is impotent and vain,
And feeble is the strain.

2.

I see below some mighty one
Arises, mantling o'er
With proud defiance; he anon
Is past, and heard no more:
Another for a space,
And lo, a third is towering in his place;
But he who sings of Thine all-conquering Power,
Hath Wisdom for his dower.

3.

Thou pointest out the toilsome stair
Which leads to Wisdom's Palace fair,
And hast to man Thy law made plain,
That Pain is Gain^a.

Gentle as dew such knowledge of Thy Laws,
And e'en from sleep the soul instruction draws;
But little thanks the blessing own,
For in unwilling hearts such grace is sown
By them who sit on Heaven's dread throne.

From line 353, *Διὸς πλαγὰν ἔχουσιν*, to line 387, *οὔτις Θεῶν*.

1.

The hand of Heav'n is on them, see
Their own madness they deem wise!
O footsteps and mute auguries
Of Him whose will is destiny!
Tush, said one, doth God perceive,
Or for trampled altars grieve?
Thus they whet themselves to rage
Of abhorred Sacrilege.
Sprung are such from them of old
Breathing forth rebellion bold,
Nurs'd to impious hardihood

^f Scil. *τὸν Πάθει Μαθὼς*, &c.

From full houses flowing o'er
With an over plenteous store,
Beyond the golden mean of good.
Far aloof from such be mine,
With content in humble cell,
Unharming and unharm'd to dwell,
Hard by holy Wisdom's shrine!
For what shall towers of wealth avail
To them who kick at Judgment's shrine,
To save them from th' o'erwhelming jail,
The inextricable net of Penalty divine?

2.

When they the strength of Right let go,
The infatuating Judgment's course
Urges them on, and gathers force,
Dread Counsellor for children's woe.
Therefore lowers the heavenly roof,
And all Healing stands aloof.
Now no more the guilt conceal'd,
Horribly it stands reveal'd—
Awfully resplendent light.
It hath pass'd for current long,
Thro' the hands of thousands strong,
And their handling made it bright,
Black forgery is in these lines,
See the adulterous metal shines,

With a curse upon its brow!
 Look at it, and sound it now!
 It seem'd but sport at morning mild,
 And they pursuing, like a child
 With feather'd prey his grasp inviting,
 Ever before his steps alighting;
 But in sad Destruction pale
 The City shall such sport bewail!
 Yea, tho' ye pray, and cry aloud,
 God turns from the abhorred land,
 And draws around Him the dark cloud
 From sacrilegious heart and gold defiled hand.

From line 696, "ἰθὺς ψεν δὲ λείοντα, to line 715, δόμοις προσετράφη.

1.

There once was one
 Who rear'd a Lion from the breast,
 And took him for his household guest.
 Harmless he played in mimic strife
 In feats that presaged after life
 The children's sport—and well I ween
 Old age could smile upon the scene,
 When one would take him, like a child,
 Into his arms; or crouching wild
 The hand caressing he put by,
 With suppliant tail and glistening eye.

2.

But, lo, anon
 He shews the hidden dam within,
 And all the house is blood and din,
 His foster friends he now repays,
 Slays an unbidden guest, and preys
 On flock and fold ; a torment sore,
 The cherish'd inmate now no more.
 Rapine and Slaughter on him wait
 Where'er he goes ; found out too late,
 The exactor he of wrath Divine,
 A slaughtering Priest at Mischief's shrine.

From line 727, Παλαιφατὸς δ' ἐν βροτοῖς, to line 755, Πᾶν δ' ἐπὶ
 τέρμα νωμῶ

1.

'Twas said of yore, when Wealth doth rise,
 She never child-less dies,
 But in her fulness doth disclose,
 A multiplying brood of woes :
 But, Truth, if I may hold thy hand,
 Apart from all with Thee I stand,
 Some sacrilegious deed of fear
 Hath offspring, which their parent's impress bear,
 But houses built with Right have children bright
 and fair.

2.

The Crime of old, which seem'd long dead,
Lifts up again its head,
Again its destin'd moon it fills,
And giveth birth to mortal ills,
As aye advancing it grows worse
In the black chambers of the Curse,
It bears a nameless progeny,
Hating the light—not yet their form we see,
But doubtless all too like their godless ancestry.

3.

In smoky huts Justice shines bright,
Revering holy Right,
But her averted eyes doth hold
From hands defiled with sacred gold,
And towering walks unto the side
Where deeds of Holiness abide,
Nor honours Power which wealth may raise,
Tho' falsely it be stamp'd with passing Praise,
But unto the Great End she ordereth all her ways.

THE CORONATION ON A FAST-DAY OF THE CHURCH.

A people met with pomp of circumstance,
To vest with shadows of ancestral dower,
Yet leagued themselves to arrogate the power ;
Who while e'en now the moulding years advance
Hedge with disloyal hearts Her tender flower ;
And would supplant the Church's sheltering bower
With the bad lore of sacrilegious France.—
To celebrate with golden ordinance
The dread Anointing of the King of kings,
While day by day the harass'd welkin rings
From neighbouring halls, with the unhallow'd breath
Of power not from above, but from beneath.
Deem it not thoughtless chance, or thoughtful scorn,
It is the Ancient Witness calls to mourn !

THE DAYS OF THE ROYAL MARTYR.

But where is now the galaxy that rose
Round Charles's road to Heav'n? the twofold cord ^b
Of noble Derby, Lindsey, Hertford's Lord,
Good Falkland, loyal Ormond, dread Montrose
Writing *in his own blood* his master's woes ^c,
Huntley, great Winchester, brave Hopton's sword,
Southampton, high-soul'd Capel? not in word,
But valiant deed, the better part they chose:
Smit by their love, with thoughts too big for praise,
The heart beats high, in these inglorious days
To be admitted to that sacred band,
For that high cause in danger's eye to stand,
Then most victorious when we share the chain,
And deem that suffering our immortal gain.

^b The Earl and Countess.

^c Alluding to the well-known lines written by the Marquis on hearing of the King's murder, expressing his resolution to write
" His epitaph in blood and wounds."

NOTES.

The Death of the Bishop of Moray, p. 191.

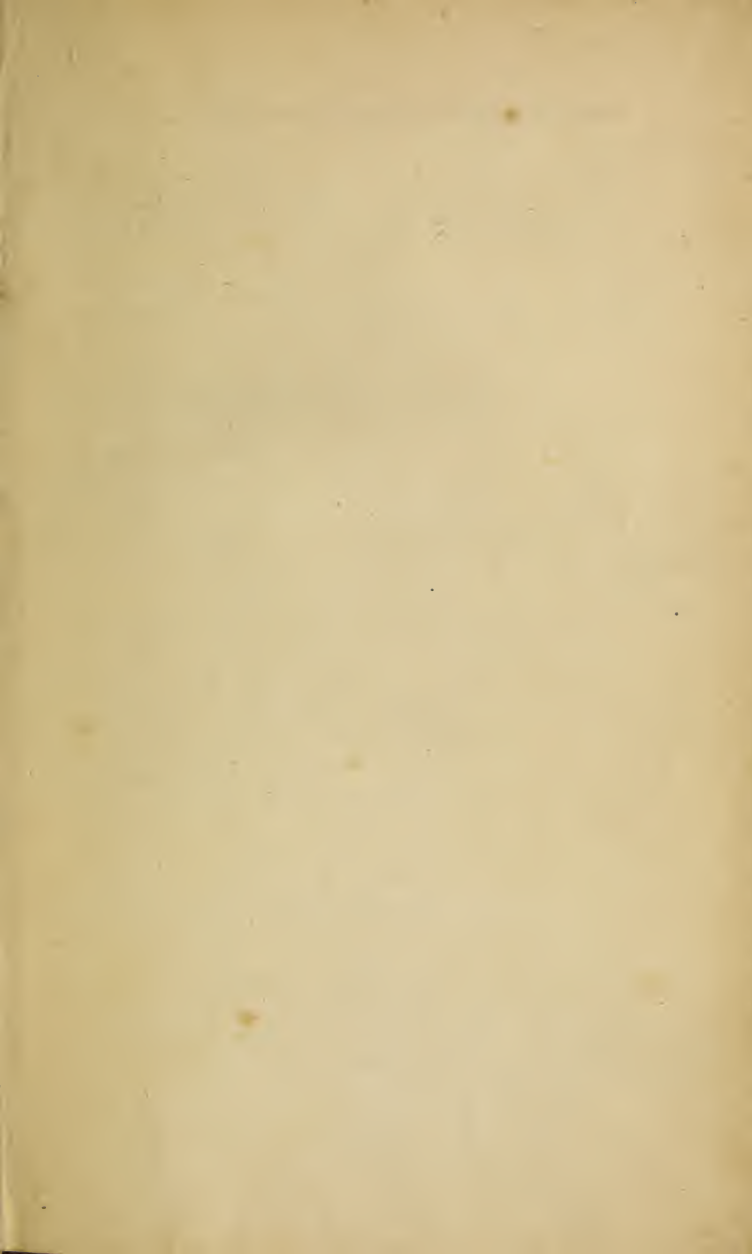
The following is the account of Bishop Jolly's death, as the writer of these lines received it from a friend at the time.

“ He had for years lived entirely alone, without
“ even a servant in the house. He usually rose at
“ four o'clock in the morning. He always kindled his
“ own fire, and made his own breakfast; some one
“ came in the middle of the day to cook his dinner,
“ and then went away. He had been warned again
“ and again that he would be found some morning
“ alone dead in his bed, and this he said was his great
“ study, to learn to die alone. At last he became so
“ very frail and feeble, that he suffered the young man,
“ who came in the day to wait on him, to sleep twice
“ or three times (viz. on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of
“ June) in the house. His understanding was as perfect as ever, at the age of 82, and he was reading the
“ new edition recently published of Sutton's ‘ Disce
“ mori.’ On the evening of the 28th, he felt rather
“ better, and being most intently occupied in the book,
“ did not wish to be disturbed, and again dispensed
“ with the kind offices of his companion, and would not
“ suffer him to sleep in the house. On his coming in
“ the evening to assist him to bed, the Bishop told him
“ to come again in an hour, as he wished to get on
“ with his book. At the expiration of the hour the

“ Bishop was still able, he thought, to go on, and was
“ very anxious, if possible, to finish it, and deferred
“ retiring yet another hour. He found himself how-
“ ever unable quite to conclude it, told his friend to
“ mark the place with the tape, and put the book in
“ its place, and then retired, telling him to come as
“ usual at seven in the morning. At the time appointed
“ he came, and, on opening the curtains, found a sight
“ which reminds one strongly of Izaak Walton’s ac-
“ count of Dr. Donne’s death. The good old man
“ was quite dead, he had been strong enough to close
“ his own eyes, and to draw a small white napkin
“ (which he had carefully kept under his pillow, and
“ which his attendant had observed, but without
“ guessing for what purpose, or venturing to ask)
“ over his face. He then must have crossed his hands
“ upon his breast, and stretched himself out, and
“ ‘fallen asleep’ without the slightest struggle. In
“ this state he was found on the morning of St. Peter’s
“ day, Friday, June 29, 1838. The ease and tran-
“ quillity of his departure must have been quite
“ extraordinary, the arms were placed in the most
“ careful way in the form of a cross, each hand laid
“ towards the opposite shoulder.—I have seen a number
“ of his letters, which are all characteristic of such a
“ primitive saint as he seems to have been.”

St. David's, p. 193.

For an account of the present state of this Cathedral, see a letter in the *Brit. Mag.* for Sept. 1838.



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40 Newington st.

